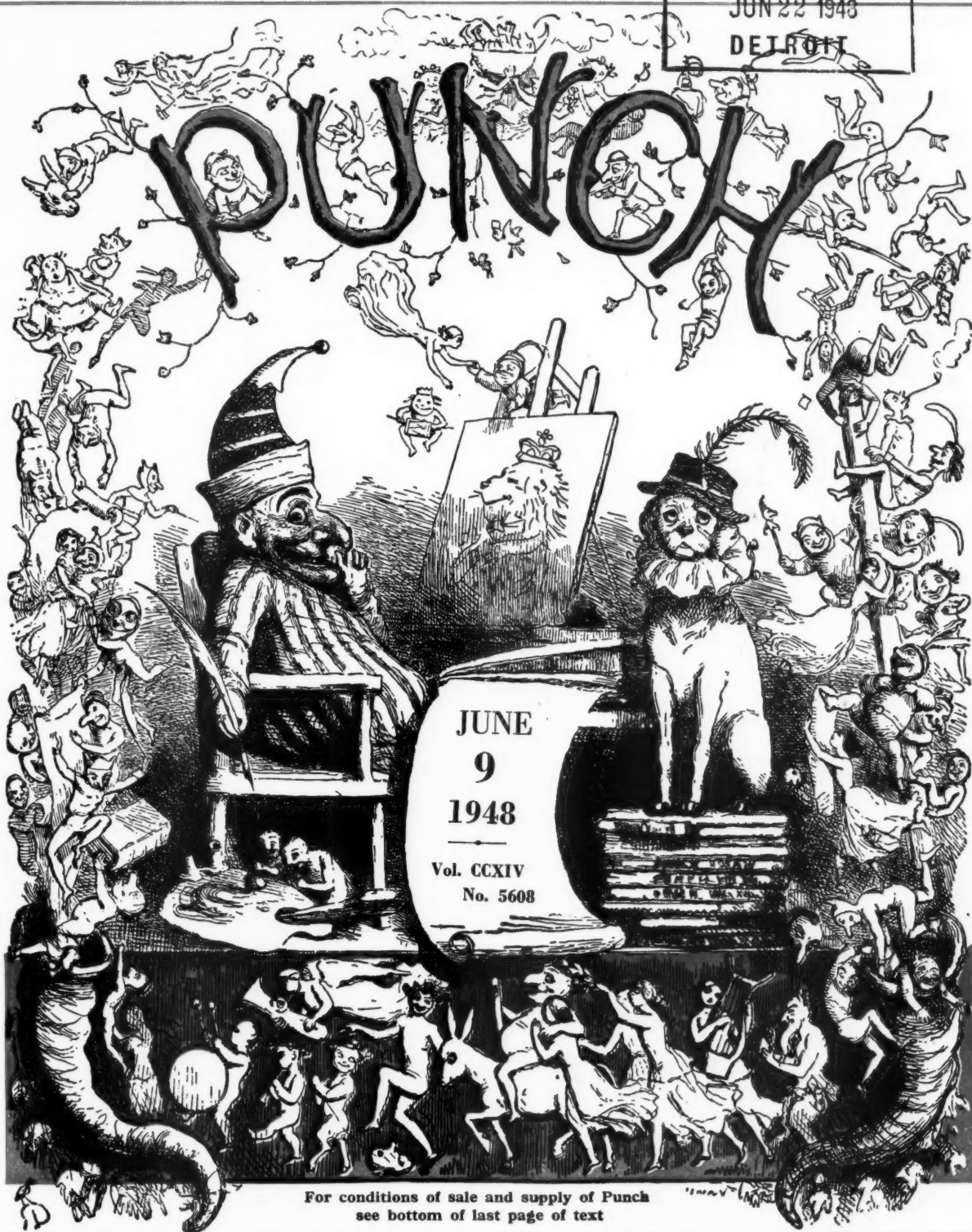


Huntley & Palmers *the first name you think of in* Biscuits

JUN 22 1948

DETROIT

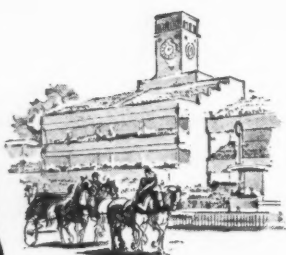


HERE, THERE and EVERYWHERE . . . *Player's please*



[NCC 641X]

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 3s/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 3s/6 per annum (Canada 3s/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 1d.; Canada, 1d.; Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.



When it's an occasion..

HIRE from

MOSS BROS

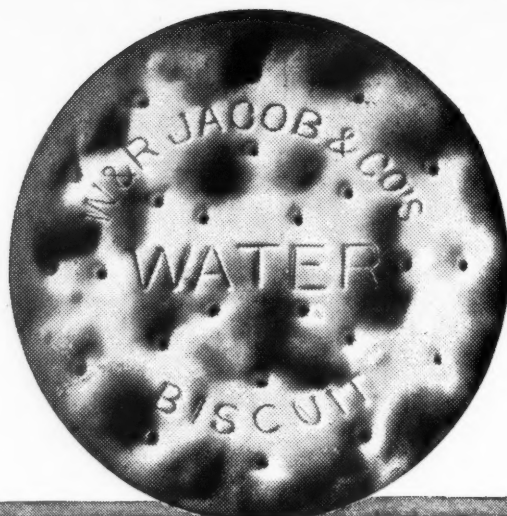
OF COVENT GARDEN
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

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Temple Bar 4477

Aldershot Bournemouth Bristol Camberley
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Made by **ABDULLA** for those
who prefer the American style of blend



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Water Biscuits

with the nutty flavour people like

* Also specially packed for world-wide export

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Smooth and
light fitting—
tailored for the
country, smart

enough for town—your

shoes must be

distinctively

DOLCIS

Time is precious...

MOVADO SEND US THIS GEM OF A WATCH
FOR A LADY'S WRIST. EACH TINY PART OF ITS FULLY-
JEWELLED LEVER MOVEMENT IS MADE WITH CONSUMMATE ART BY
SWISS CRAFTSMEN INSPECT IT WITH PLEASURE IN OUR
SHOWROOMS. THE CASE IS IN GOLD.



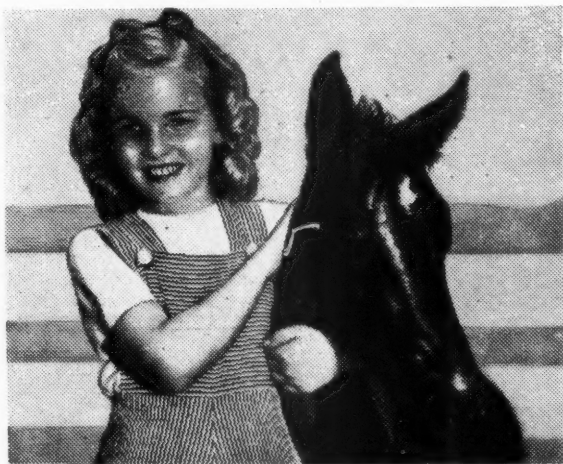
NOTE THE VERY
SLIM PROFILE, AND THE
JEWEL-LIKE EFFECT OF
THICK, ROUNDED GLASS

MOVADO

WINNERS OF 165 FIRST AWARDS

MAPPIN AND WEBB

LONDON SHOWROOMS: LIMITED
156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4 172 REGENT ST., W.1
SHEFFIELD: SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST.
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Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady

Betty and the pony are great friends. She loves him — and she loves being outdoors, too. Rain or shine, it's difficult to keep her in: but Mummy doesn't mind because Betty thrives on it. Mummy says that the only beauty treatment necessary for Betty is Pears Soap and clear water — which are surely Preparing her to be a Beautiful Lady.

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Decolletage by Dior

a famous French designer
has brought back the ex-
tremely daring decolletage
. . . unsurpassed for great
occasions in a woman's life.
Such splendour — naturally
demands the perfect groom-
ing and meticulous make-up
which are such an essential
part of this "New Look".



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SKIN FOOD . CLEANSING CREAM . BEAUTY MILK . POWDER . LIPSTICK
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FOUNDATION CREAM . MAKE-UP BASE Prices from 18/6 to 4/- (including purchase tax)



Children look their best
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If it Shrinks - we Replace

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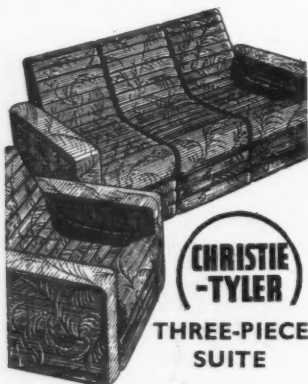


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Craftsmanship
of over half
a century is
expressed in
Bronnley soap.

Bronnley

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Perfect Rest



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The finest cream comes from Devon

...but the finest salad cream

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1/3 per bottle (in short supply)

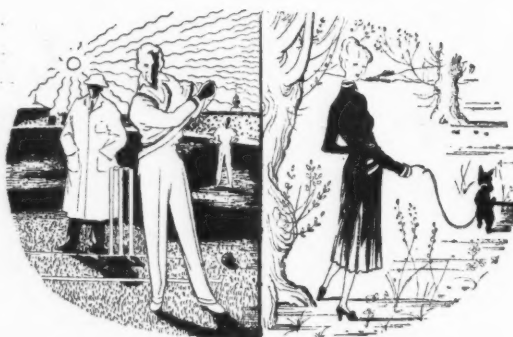


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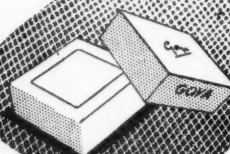
G.S.



By Appointment
Table Salt Manufacturers

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Salt of quality

A SUPERB
perfume



IN A PERFECT

Powder

SUPERSIFTED! IT STAYS ON
PERFECTLY BLENDED SHADES! STANDARD BOX 10/9
TRAVEL SIZE 2/6

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You need BISCUITS to keep you going

(One pound of sweet biscuits contains 2,200 calories)

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Limited
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Make the most of milk—eat it as 'Dairy' Junket—that creamy delicious sweet which helps you up to holiday pitch. Children love it—and it's fine for the grown-ups too. A ninepenny tube makes 6 pints.

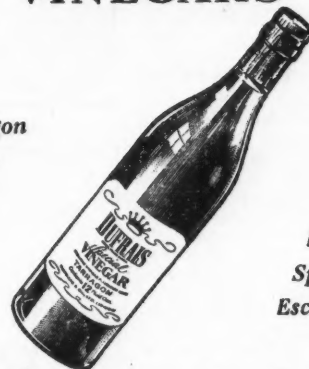
'Dairy' Brand Junket Powder



Manufactured by R. J. Fullwood & Bland Ltd., Established 1785. Recipe leaflets from Sole Distributors, G. Havinden, Limited, 71 Baker Street, W.1

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Made from Natural Herbs Matured in Genuine Malt Vinegar
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NOW IN *new*
MOISTURE-PROOF*
PACKET



MR. PEEK: We couldn't
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MR. FREAN: So we've im-
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★ HERMETICALLY SEALED in its strong new
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By Appointment Peek, Frean & Company Limited, Biscuit & Vita-Weat Crispbread Manufacturers



There's Argon in the House!

No light matter, the man above seems to think. But he's wrong. For the gas Argon, together with Nitrogen, is used to fill most modern electric light bulbs. Because of this filling, these bulbs give a better light and last longer than the old-fashioned kind. And where do Argon and Nitrogen come from?—of course, The British Oxygen Company Ltd. The vast industrial experience of The B.O.C. ranges from the manufacture of small everyday articles to the building of massive structures. Perhaps they could use this experience to help you solve your particular problem. Why not drop them a line.



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**THE BRITISH OXYGEN
COMPANY LIMITED**
LONDON AND BRANCHES



WHITE (NEUTRAL) · BLACK · BLUE
DARK AND LIGHT BROWN

BEGONE DULL CARE

*Days are dreary, bills are due,
Head feels weary, outlook's blue.
'Specs' that falter, Stocks that fall
Is there nought in life at all?*

Yes, there is... right close at hand—

Try a

VAMOUR *you'll feel grand!*

Vamour may be had, SWEET or DRY, from Wine Merchants, Stores, and at the Best Bars



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GROSVENOR HOUSE, PARK LANE, W.1

Open 11.0 a.m. to 7.30 p.m.
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*Part of which will be given to the A.T.S. Benevolent Fund
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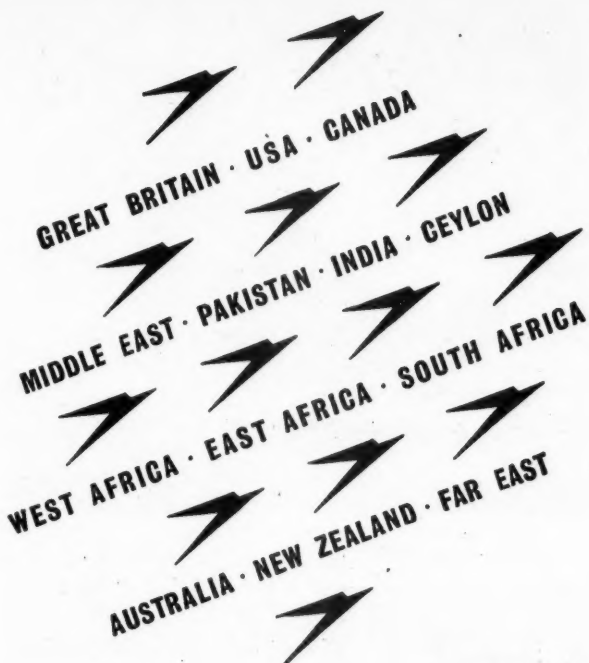
FOR STOMACH COMFORT



Take them with pleasure

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IT'S A SMALL WORLD BY SPEEDBIRD **B.O.A.C.**

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION WITH Q.E.A., S.A.A. AND T.E.A.L



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There is, perhaps, no greater contribution to calm, confident motoring than the assurance of perfect road grip. The safety of good brakes and sound steering is faithfully translated where the non-skid tread of the silent Avon quietly takes its firm hold of the road.



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SAFE · SILENT
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THE QUALITY TYRE

PROTECT YOUR HANDS
Flexible, durable, comfortable. Do not harden. From Ironmongers and Stores. 4/11, post 3d. Half coupon per pair.

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Holders of Royal
Appointment to
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since 1836

HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD.
EDINBURGH Est. 1783



York Saturday Market

ALTHOUGH BIG DEALS involving thousands of pounds take place daily in the markets of England, a large proportion of their turnover consists of small sales "for cash." Similarly throughout the country, for every sizeable firm there are many "small men" who make a less impressive but still significant contribution to the output of their industry. Both large and small business men appreciate the unique Barclays system of Local Head Offices, covering England and Wales. They know it means that their problems will be given friendly consideration by men on the spot who understand local conditions.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED



MARTELL
COGNAC
BRANDY

keeps you
going

THREE STAR CORDON BLEU



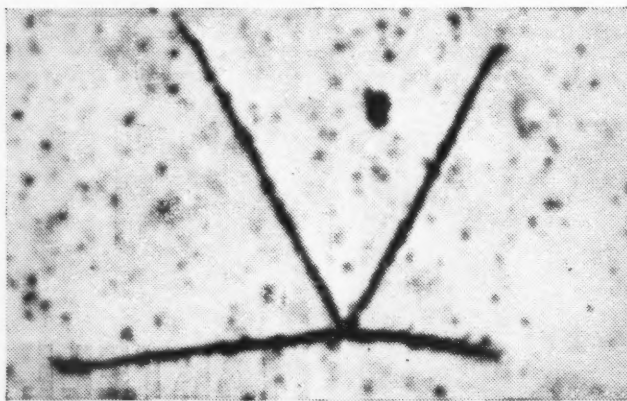
**HE'LL
NEVER *ask*
FOR
HELP**

THE men who were disabled in the war don't want to live on charity. They want to make their own way in the world, to feel that they can still do a really useful job of work. And so they can—but they must be given a good start. Some of them have returned to face financial difficulties that cannot possibly be covered entirely by State Pensions. The Army Benevolent Fund exists to help in making up the difference by giving grants to recognised Service Associations. But there are thousands of cases still to be helped. Please assist us to give these men and their families 'a sporting chance' in the country for which they gave so much.

• Donations payable to The Army Benevolent Fund may be sent to General Sir George Giffard, G.C.B., D.S.O., 20, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, or paid into any Bank in Great Britain or N. Ireland.

**SUPPORT THE
ARMY BENEVOLENT
FUND THE KING**

(Registered under The War Charities Act, 1940)



TRACKING THE ATOM

You see here the disintegration of a single radio-active atom. The arms of this curious hieroglyphic are the tracks made on a special 'Kodak' photographic plate by the particles emitted by the atom. This is just one example of how applied photography is aiding research; in science and industry, photography is often the only possible way of recording phenomena.

Have you a problem for Applied Photography to Solve?

WRITE TO **KODAK**

KODAK LIMITED • DEPT. P 557 • KINGSWAY • LONDON • W.C.2
C48/3N



THE THUNDER of a falling feather...

A FEATHER floats to the ground slowly and, apparently, in silence. But, in actual fact, its fall produces a sound capable of immense amplification. Even a small Philips Amplifier develops power at least 10 million million times greater than that produced by the original sound.

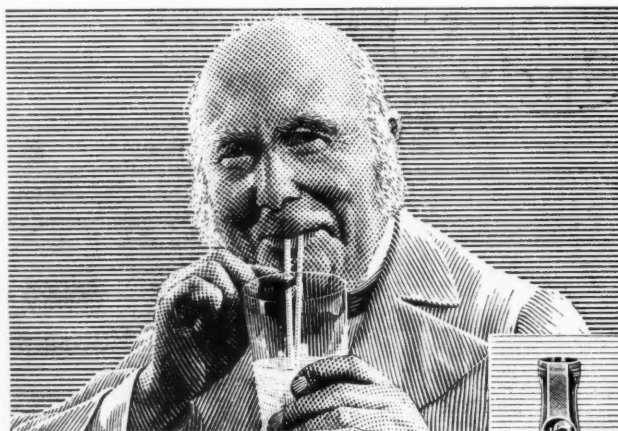
Today, Philips sound reproducing equipment plays an important role in sport, in entertainment and, above all, in industry. In hundreds of factories Philips sound equipment is helping to speed production and to increase efficiency in the great drive for exports.



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RADIO & TELEVISION • LAMPS & LIGHTING EQUIPMENT • X-RAY & ALLIED ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS

CENTURY HOUSE • SHAFTESBURY AVENUE • LONDON • W.C.2 (P.377K)



**I THINK I DESERVE
ONE TOO** *says OLD HETHERS*

I've been run off my feet all summer, now that Robinson's is back in bottles again. And it's small wonder there's been such a rush after all these years we've had to do without it. Why, it seems even more popular than in the old days.



Robinson's **3/-**
LEMON BARLEY WATER



PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCXIV No. 5608

June 9 1948

Charivaria

A SPORTING writer says that English cricketers are developing a cramped style at the wicket. When playing the Australians they seem to bat too close to the field.

It may soon be possible to change your coalman. But to avoid any misunderstanding it should be made clear that there is every likelihood of Mr. Gaitskell's carrying on until at least 1950.



New Look for Men
"W. —, Trousers' Maker.
Entrance round back."
*Notice in the window of a Leeds
tailoring establishment.*

Good footwork is necessary to use the scythe correctly. It is imperative to leap over the thing when it comes at you.

Sixty-two houses out of one hundred and fifty-two being built in one rural district are to be allocated to agricultural workers. This leaves only ninety to house the families of officials.

"Doctors decide to join Health Scheme but reserve the right to pull out."—*"News Chronicle."*
Dentists are expected to do ditto.

An Australian comedian recently scored a big success in London. So far there has been no protest from America about Empire Preference.

A diamond bracelet, which mysteriously disappeared from a West End flat while the owner was having dinner, is reported to be worth five thousand pounds. Scotland Yard thinks that may be why the thief took it.

A provincial repertory company had to close when the audience went down to two. The manager was not impressed when someone offered to increase the house by fifty per cent.

An M.P. maintains that austerity and restrictions are making us long-faced, haggard and disagreeable-looking. Passport photographs are at last coming into their own.

Some critics assert that Britain is now established as a musical nation. We'll believe it when an Italian comes here to study singing and returns to La Scala, Milan, under the name of Smith.

"The machine is being shipped from America to speed Britain's open-cast coal production. . . . It weights 1,150 tons, and grabs more than twice as much as anything in the country now."
"Daily Express."

Should put the Chancellor on his mettle.

Holidaymakers have been queueing up to go aboard British warships. This is a cheaper form of entertainment than queueing up to go aboard British trains.



Social Security Jeopardized?

UNUSUAL scenes marred the smooth routine of life in the little Hampshire village of Holt Disney yesterday when the postmistress became unhinged shortly after eleven o'clock in the morning.

A curious feature of the affair is that there was little or no warning of the impending breakdown. The postmistress appeared quite normal when the office opened at 9 A.M. and gave the address of the nearest National Health Service Executive Council to her first customer, a Mr. Greenhouse, in her usual suave manner. She then handed him a National Insurance Scheme registration form (C.F.6), and four copies of the application form for medical assistance under the National Health Scheme (E.C.1), reminding him that one copy of the latter form must be filled in for *each* member of the family. Mr. Greenhouse deposes that the postmistress answered all his questions relating to these forms in a personal and friendly way, as laid down in Part I, Paragraph 4, of the *Family Guide to the National Insurance Scheme* which he had with him for ready reference, and, indeed, went out of her way, when asked for a list of dentists and the name of a doctor qualified to take part in the Supplementary Eye Service, to add the address of his nearest Employment Exchange, a point which left to himself he might have overlooked.

By a quarter past ten, with all these matters satisfactorily disposed of, Mr. Greenhouse had in addition drawn seven weeks' arrears of Family Allowance and re-invested fifteen shillings in his Post Office Bank Account, besides purchasing a Savings Certificate for his eldest child, and was turning his attention with some confidence to the problem of getting his motor-car back on the road when the first untoward incident occurred. It must have been, according to the evidence of several witnesses, a few minutes before the half-hour when a woman, standing no higher than eleventh in the queue, cried out sharply, "What I want is a two-penny-ha'penny stamp." This outburst, Mr. Greenhouse thinks, may have unsettled the postmistress, for she paused momentarily in her work of renewing his Road Fund Licence and taking up a rubber stamp brought it down heavily on a pile of prepaid telegram forms, which she then encircled with an elastic band and put away in a drawer. The lettering on the stamp, adds Mr. Greenhouse, read **POST EARLY FOR CHRISTMAS**, which did not appear to be applicable.

Mr. Greenhouse proceeded none the less with his business, and after completing Form R.F.1A and slipping Forms D.L.1 and R.(M.S.)1 into his pocket-book was framing a supplementary question on the subject of Special Hardship

Allowances when a remark of a personal nature made by another gentleman in the queue and couched in language rarely heard outside the barrack-room reminded him of his war service and caused him to ask instead for form C.S.20, popularly known as the Form of Application for Issue of Campaign Stars and Medals to ex-Army Personnel. At this the postmistress emitted a loud gasp or hiss and abruptly handed him a Broadcast Receiving Licence Expiry Reminder. She also stuck a number of insurance stamps on postal orders and attempted to hand them, together with lists of addresses of Surgical Appliance Manufacturers, to people waiting in the queue. The suspicion that she was in a state of cerebral excitement was confirmed when she opened several sheets of ninepenny postage stamps to their full extent and offered them, without dockets, at 26s. a yard to persons under eighteen years of age who had already paid one hundred and fifty-six Class 2 contributions under the Scheme.

Everything possible was done for the unfortunate lady as soon as it was realized that she was unhinged. Mr. Greenhouse himself handed her his list of qualified alienists, another gentleman (who went off later without giving his name) offered to direct her to the site of the nearest proposed Health Centre, and a number of helpers read out the Rates of Sickness Benefit from the *Family Guide*, laying particular stress on the fact that she would receive no benefit for the first three days of sickness unless she was sick or unemployed for twelve days or more during the period of thirteen weeks from the first of the three days (para. 23). But despite every care the postmistress showed little improvement, and indeed began to exhibit alarming tendencies to issue television licences to would-be helpers. There can be no doubt that the smooth running of the Government's whole social service scheme, so far at least as Holt Disney was concerned, might have been seriously impaired but for the unexpected opening, at 11.15 A.M., of the village's first National Insurance Office, at which, so it was rumoured, the addresses of alternative post offices could be obtained. This drew off all the customers except the lady standing eleventh in the queue, who completed her purchase of a twopenny-ha'penny stamp without incident and left the postmistress looking, in the lady's own words "pale but calm."

Psychiatrists claim that the simple request for a stamp, with all the memories it would bring back of the old carefree days of social insecurity, might well do as much to restore the postmistress's balance as weeks spent waiting for the nearest Nerve Centre to open.

H. F. E.

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

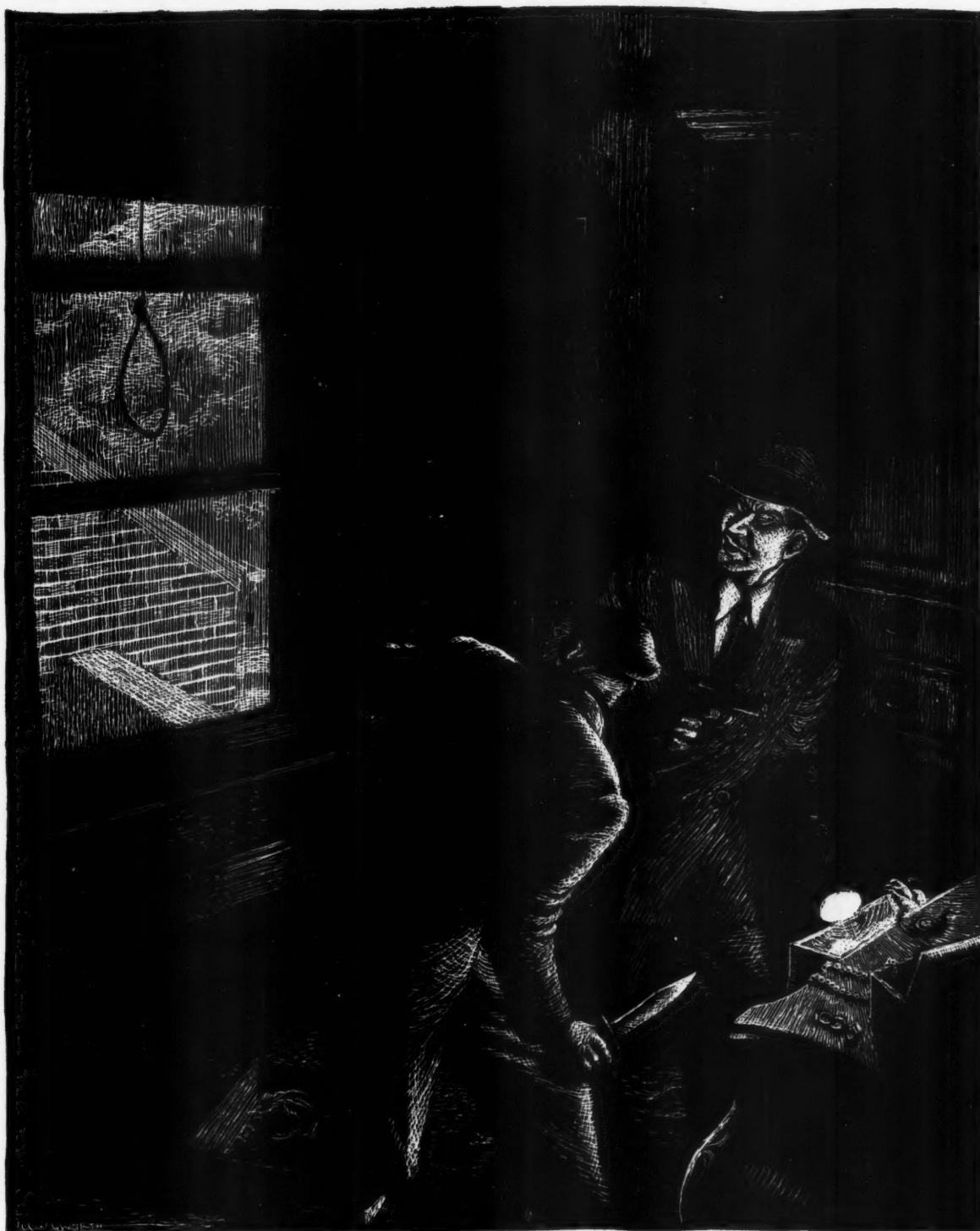
THIS Belle-Lettre grapples with yet another Literary Form, the Episode, and unlike most of my works is dedicated, Mrs. Oscar's boy being whom it is dedicated to. Modern authors sometimes write just "For Tony" or "For Toni," but I have ever cultivated an old-world charm and prefer the traditional form:

To Mrs. Oscar's Boy,
from his respectful friend The Author, in gratitude
for many fragrant hours spent in his salty company,
and in part payment for the use of his horoscope.

The lane past the churchyard was filled with happy laughter as the O'Hooneys galloped by. Hair flying, cheeks aglow, bosoms heaving, they were returning from

the Meet. What fun it had been! Just the weather for it. Nowhere like dear old Haworth for the hols. The steaming ponies were handed over to Old Bobbin, the groom, and in a couple of shakes the jolly O'Hooneys had changed and were ready for yet more merriment. "Let's french-chalk our shoes and have a dance," shouted Dermot. "See if there's a fiddler in the yard," trilled Maureen. "Supper for a hundred, Cook," called Mrs. O'Hooney, gay and rippling as the youngest of them all. At once the stable-boys were sent riding full pelt to deliver invitations, and the great chandeliers were lighted. Then, what a scene it was! What screams of laughter were heard—what shrill protests—what inimitable scamperings!

The guests soon began to arrive. When the O'Hooneys



THE DETERRENT?

"Don't let that worry you, chum. That's only a symbol of out-dated savagery, that is."



"Please, sir, we've found some coal among the explosives."

were in residence at Great Wassail it was the local custom to wear party-dress from lunch onwards in case an urgent summons bid you to the house. Mr. O'Hooney, almost bursting out of a tight choker, stood welcoming each new arrival, his beaming red face looking as if it might set his hair on fire (as indeed it had often done until he began to use a special hair-oil). The O'Hooney children stopped scampering only long enough to pelt visitors with blossoms, and the aged butler, Shaun P. Mulvaney, kept the glasses circulating while he ejaculated "No heel-taps." Fortunately, there had been no fewer than three fiddlers on the premises, as well as a little old woman who played the tambourine, so there was no lack of good rollicking music. Young and old mingled mirthfully together in country dance, Dublin jig and Catch-as-Catch-Can. Only one thing marred the festivity: the vicar and his family had refused the invitation. "Stuff and nonsense!" spluttered Mr. O'Hooney. "Send all the outside servants to bring them. Damme, they must come. All work and no play won't do, won't do at all. Yesterday they left the Masked Ball at midnight. The day before at the picnic they stayed only for lunch and tea. The day before that they only came to pay a formal call after the previous night. Haul 'em in."

The good old host's insistence was rewarded, and as the revelry rose to new heights the vicar and his three daughters entered. "Darling Lottie. Sweet Emmie. Annie, my pet," cried the O'Hooneys enthusiastically. "Be my partner for the barn-dance. Try the gin cup. We're going to slide down the staircase on tea-trays after the first supper." But this warm welcome did not quite dispel the chill that these new arrivals managed to throw over the proceedings.

Charlotte, who wore a bonnet and had a good deal of jet on her dress, fixed her eyes grimly on her host and inquired whether the windows could not be thrown open to let in the chill night air and the cry of the curlew. Little Anne wept unashamedly into a small pocket handkerchief, and Emily, seeing a bloodhound dozing peacefully under a chair, stirred it into activity with her umbrella and then quelled it with a burning glance.

The fun, however, soon picked up again and waxed fast and furious. From time to time the butler threw a handful of squibs on the roaring fire, or one of the O'Hooney aunts did her parlour trick, swallowing a bumper of lighted brandy. Sometimes Dermot would shoot out the candles with his pistol, and many were the blushing cheeks to be seen when the illuminations were restored. Suddenly, after the three-legged polka, the cry of "Charades" was raised. In a trice the chairs were set out for the audience, teams were picked and the noise of youth and maiden searching the house for costumes echoed from every wing. The vicar's team lost the toss and were to guess the word chosen. He was therefore put in the place of honour next to Mrs. O'Hooney and regaled her with an account of the interments he had recently performed. His daughters were on the opposing side, which had chosen the word "Hilarity."

In the first scene all the furniture on the ground floor was piled in a great heap, and variously attired the actors mounted it, exclaiming on the view from the "Hill." Unfortunately, Emily, who had with difficulty been persuaded to wear a fez and a striped dust-sheet, remained rigidly poised on the summit, ecstatically contemplating

a dawn which she described in vibrant but somewhat lengthy phrases, and only the removal of an occasional table from the lower reaches of the heap brought her oration to an end.

In the second scene the actors presented an orgy in a somewhat loosely conducted inn, constantly addressing the tapster as "Arry." Dermot was in his element, quaffing, chucking chins and dancing upon tables. A slight disturbance of the plan was caused, however, by Anne, who firmly refused to drop her aitches or speak in a manner she considered immodest and improper; she insisted on addressing the tapster as "Henry" and made the task of the audience rather more difficult than the enthusiasm of her fellow actors had at first promised. The last syllable showed coolies keeping wild beasts out of tea-plantations, the suggestion of Dr. Johnson consuming dishes of the beverage having been rejected as containing insufficient action. Rugs from the floor were tied round bodies, horns from the walls affixed to heads and the coolies provided with a scanty uniform of towels. Charlotte wore a rather indeterminate skin, of great shagginess, and antlers. She had been instructed to maul Emily, who wore a towel marked "Stockton and Darlington Railway," but when the clash came, hypnotized by Emily's passionate gaze, Charlotte stood frozen into adamant immobility. Long after the *mélée* had died down and the cast were receiving first aid behind the scenes, in taut, vibrant equipoise the twain remained on the stage, until with a wild cry little Anne, still costumed as a polar bear, rushed back upon the scene and, drawing her sisters together, led them in an anguished threnody of weeping and reconciliation.

Not waiting for the final tableau, in which the cast shrieked in violent hilarity at the audience, the three sisters and their father withdrew from the gay throng. Dawn, they explained, would soon break, and it was their irrefragable custom to greet it among the family graves.

Songs

SOMEONE once said something about song-making and law-making in connection with nations. I can't say exactly who said it or what the words were any more than my readers can, which is a pity because it was obviously said with a view to becoming a quotation; as, to do it justice, it certainly is in theory. However, in spite of the surrounding haze the point is clear. Songs, this person was telling us, are extremely important to life. It is indeed difficult to imagine life without them, especially if you leave the wireless on for an afternoon. I think in fact that I might add a piece about songs to what I have already told my readers about stories, and begin with how songs originated.

Historians, working in the dark but using their imagination, tell us that primitive man found out that talking and shouting used only one part of a voice; that when he took a purposeful breath and blew it out slowly, meanwhile bringing his voice into play as befitted such an action, he got an extraordinary noise which could not be compared with any musical instrument because none had been invented, but which was definitely classy. From that it was but a short step, if you miss the intervening steps out, to wild ballads sung in praise of heroes. This brings me to the lyre, which, as my readers unanimously know, is the origin of what the lyric used to be and may be defined as a portable harp with hat-hooks on top. Lyrics were sung by minstrels who wandered, a slow tacking word which seems to suit the general idea of minstrels, though the long

robes most people think of them in are a bit out of date towards the end of the minstrel era.

AFTER minstrels we come suddenly to the Elizabethan age, and the scene changes to people in ruffs singing part-songs round a thick oak table. The tendency of the Elizabethans to sing part-songs in the evening—they called them glees, knowing that this old-time word would please later enthusiasts—is of course familiar to my readers, who have all at some time or other remarked on this aspect of the difference between then and now, and calls up a theoretically happy vision of everyone having a good time in the cause of art. I say theoretically because many of us would consider ourselves ill adapted to the life—though, as sociologists point out, when people nowadays burst into composite song over the washing-up the difficulty is to get them to stop. Another thing about the Elizabethan era is the songs in Shakespeare's plays, about which I just want to say that, as with the quotations in *Hamlet*, they are no surprise to the well-read members of an audience.

I shall end the historical side of this article with the merest reference to songs like "The Vicar of Bray," the origin of which is known by everyone to be well known, and a word on those Victorian songs people in whiskers used to let fly with. The chief feature of these songs, apart from their unexceptionable sentiments and kindness to flowers, was the long high note with which the singer broke the tape; sociologists tell us that the audience used it to get faces ready for the nice things it would have to say.

Arriving at present-day songs, I must first point out the rather obvious fact that they consist of both old and new songs and that wireless sets with the toughest, most untraditional owners are likely, if not kept an eye on, to launch suddenly into glad unaccompanied shouts in praise of the shepherd's life, or some heartily yelled confidence about what happened when someone gave someone else a bunch of snowdrops. The actual new songs of this age are mainly classifiable as dance-music, by which I mean what crooners sing, the modern ballad, which thrives in defiance of progress, ends with the same abandon as the old stuff and is often difficult to tell from it unless you hear the announcement; and the hearty or joining-in song. High-brow readers who are thinking that I have not mentioned modern highbrow songs, the kind sung in cycles in specially hired halls, will be disappointed in what I am going to say, which is simply that this sort of song, whatever its future, is not usually sung in a bath after one hearing. Nor for that matter is the average dance-tune; it is more likely to be brooded over quietly, with the would-be singer realizing that you can't even start singing a tune you have only a pleasant impression of.

I MUST not overlook two very showy aspects of singing, the first of which is the coloratura song, which people who are not expecting it may take at first to be a normal job of work, the sort of thing anyone who has gone in for singing would want to sing; but gradually they will realize that what is going on is not so much a song as a demonstration of what the ordinary human voice couldn't do. The second kind of showy singing is the laughing song. This, as its name implies, is a song where the singer breaks into uncontrollable but perfectly-managed laughter, and I think it is time that someone pointed out what laughing songs do to people—make them absolutely miserable and quite dreadfully embarrassed.

Let us end with something a bit happier; the "Ding Dong Bell" type of song, remarkable for its wonderfully appreciative audiences and the way the words come back out of storage, though never quite the same as the version of anyone called in for corroboration.

ANDE.

At the Pictures

A Double Life—So Evil My Love—Four Steps in the Clouds—The Calendar

NOT till I saw *A Double Life* (Director: GEORGE CUKOR) did I realize how much we have been missing extreme, spectacularly expert smoothness of production. That this quality

the glimpses we get of Mr. COLMAN actually playing in his elaborate stage production of *Othello*, which are not calculated to make one believe in him as a brilliant Shakespearean actor who becomes so obsessed that he behaves in character off the stage as well as on.

Another of those gas-lit nineteenth-century "psychological" murder-stories turns up in *So Evil My Love* (Director: LEWIS ALLEN), the trouble with which seems to be that not nearly enough of the psychology comes over. I haven't read the novel by JOSEPH SHEARING on which the film is based, but I'm sure that in comparison with it the film is just a string of incidents, the motives for them often obscure, sometimes so abruptly introduced as to rouse the unintended laugh. A difficulty is that there are several obviously intended laughs, which are in a totally different key from that of most of the picture; but certainly the story in essence is a study of the downfall of a woman, a woman whom we first see as the stern, capable, upright widow of a missionary and whom we

last see as she kills the man she suddenly realizes is responsible for turning her into a swindler and a murderess. It is not ANN TODD's fault that this climactic scene hardly carries conviction; she has dealt capably with the part hitherto, and it would have needed superhuman dramatic ability to convey in a moment or two the reflections a novelist would take pages in describing. As the villain concerned, RAY MILLAND has an easier job; his character does not have to develop, it is merely revealed. We know from the start that he is totally unscrupulous in pursuit of money; after that, the question is how far circumstances will make him go.

Easily the pleasantest, most endearing and enjoyable picture for a long time is the new Italian one, *Four Steps in the Clouds* (Director: ALESSANDRO BLASETTI). "Genial" and "civilized" were the adjectives I used about *Vivere in Pace*; there is a slightly precious flavour about them perhaps, but I'm inclined to use them again.

This film is enjoyable for the simplest and most obvious reason: because its characters are pleasant people, because all the minds responsible for it seem to be well-disposed towards humanity. It has no ingenuities of technique, its story is easy and tempting to the sentimentalist, and (just like *Vivere in Pace*) it has a scene of wild hilarity that goes on too long; but it is beautifully played and full of fun and character, and it leaves you cheerful—because things have turned out well not through any wrenching of probability to a sentimental pattern but as a result of the perfectly likely decency of a number of perfectly credible people. Try hard to see this; it will do you good.

It's sad to find in *The Calendar* (Director: ARTHUR CRABTREE) a competent, ordinary British version of a machine-made Edgar Wallace story, lit and photographed and designed in such a way as to fulfil none of the hopes roused by the statement in the Press "hand-out" that the director believes in the maxim "that, in making films, the eye should be entertained as much as, if not more than, the ear." It's all "the Anson pearls" and misunderstandings about them, and cliché-situations concerning honest and dishonest horse-racing, and the beautiful gold-digger and the beautiful nice girl, and all that stuff. Are you interested? R. M.



J.H.D.

[A Double Life]

AN ACTOR THINKING TWICE

Anthony John RONALD COLMAN

makes a film aesthetically good or "important" I don't say, but it certainly gives a kind of pleasure, and all the more when one has been starved of it for so long. It is the brilliant polish of the detail and the acting, the subtle authenticity in the handling of everyday conversational scenes—not to mention the soft, unscratched, unflickering gleam of a glossy new print—that makes *A Double Life* so continually entertaining; for the story itself is not much more than melodramatic nonsense, enlivened with two or three credible characters of whom RONALD COLMAN does not, I am sorry to say, play one. The believable people are SHELLEY WINTERS as a hard-boiled café waitress who gets murdered, and some players of even smaller parts—reporters and policemen and shop-assistants and so on. There are some most satisfying scenes in *A Double Life*, but they are all of minor dramatic importance: the reporters gloomily arguing on the stairs at the place of the murder, the two assistants at the wig-maker's discussing the effect of black coffee on the digestion, are brilliantly presented and intensely amusing. Very much less successful are



J.H.D.

[So Evil My Love]

VICTORIAN VILLAINS

Edgar Bellamy . . . RAYMOND LOVELL
Mark Bellis . . . RAY MILLAND

County Champions

"NOT enough fuss," Penge said firmly, "seems to have been made about these abominable proposals to monkey about with the map of England and start all over again. We ought to make it."

"You mean," Higginshaw suggested, "this nonsense about making Yorkshire into four different counties?"

"Among others, yes."

"I agree. I agree absolutely. The whole thing," Higginshaw pronounced, "is clearly a plot engineered by Londoners with an inferiority complex to give Middlesex and Surrey an unfair advantage in the county cricket championship. They can't feel happy until Yorkshire is chopped up into four, which will obviously mean having to have four teams only a quarter as good as the present one. Even Lancashire will have to find three teams from somewhere. Why, the jealousy of these Londoners even goes so far as to split up Sussex, which is not much of a menace anyway, and Lincolnshire, which is only a minor county!"

"However," Penge said thoughtfully, "they are doing their best for Leicestershire and Worcestershire."

"Worcester!" said Higginshaw. "Leicester! I wouldn't give either of those two a chance of finishing in the first three in the Bradford League!"

"It is Leicestershire," Penge said, "that worries me most."

"I can't see why. Their batting—"

"I am not speaking of cricket. I am thinking of higher things."

"Oh!" said Higginshaw, as if doubting their existence.

"It is the question of Rutland that really angers me. Why should Rutland be gobbled up by Leicestershire?"

"Not even a minor county," Higginshaw observed.

"You have a one-track mind. What is Rutland?"

"It's the smallest county in England. That's all I know about it."

"It's all most people know about it. The point is, that is the one solid fact of English geography that everybody knows."

"Everyone knows Yorkshire's the biggest county."

"Not so certainly. Many people aren't quite sure whether Yorkshire is one big county or a sort of Soviet Union of three medium-sized ones. And in any case the whole issue is clouded by that red herring of the number of words in the Bible."

"Whether a red herring can actually cloud anything—"

"Never mind. As I was saying, everyone knows one piece of English geography and one piece of English

history. Rutland, and Hastings 1066. Now, only last year I was reading a book, by an Oxford professor at that, who said that the Battle of Hastings was quite probably not fought in 1066 at all. It shook me. What is going to happen to my morale if I can no longer know which is the smallest county in England?"

"You could find out," said Higginshaw, "and then you'd know."

"The conviction of a lifetime can't be wiped out like that. What *would* be the smallest county, anyway?"

"It depends, I suppose, on whether you count the Isle of Ely."

"Or the Soke of Peterborough," I put in, to show that I was listening.

"There you are, see. You don't know. Your educational groundwork is swept away."

"There's that Part of Flint," Higginshaw remembered. "Or is that in Wales?"

"I should imagine," said Penge, "that it would take the nationality of its parent, or main body of Flint, which is certainly in Wales."

"And then again," I inquired, "do we mean the smallest county in population or in area?"

"Quite," said Penge. "You'd probably get two different answers. It simply proves my point that Rutland is indispensable."

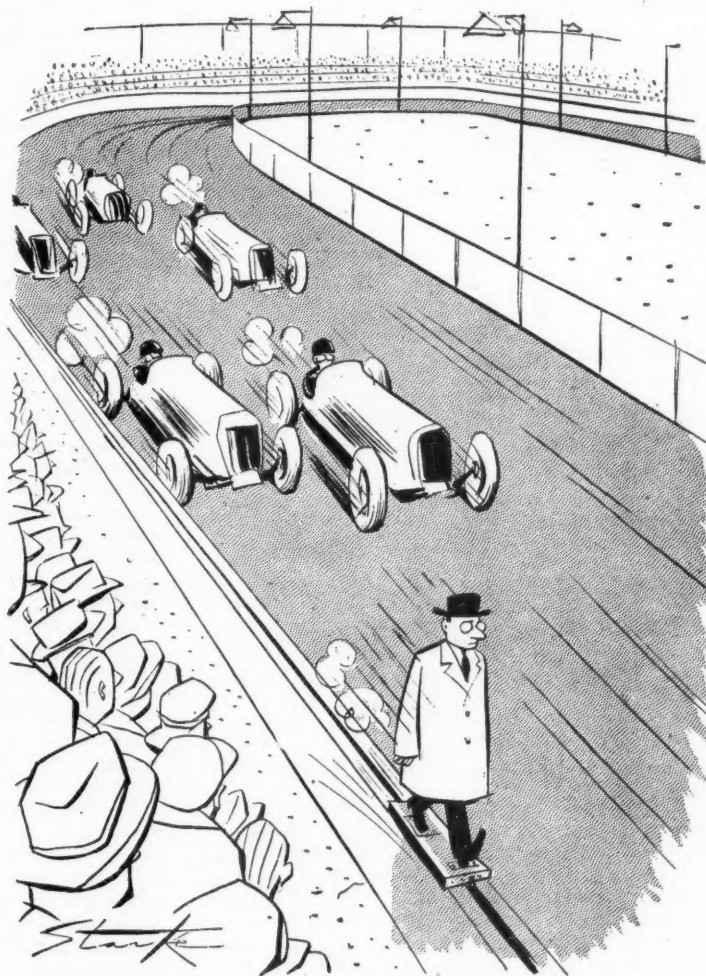
"And not even a minor county," said Higginshaw, shaking his head. He rang the bell. "Boy," he commanded, "bring me a good atlas and three double whiskies!"

o o

No Half-Measures

"He emphasized that this was only one sector of a great road which ran from London to Stonehaven and back."

Lecture report in "Dundee Evening Telegraph."



An Innocent in Canada

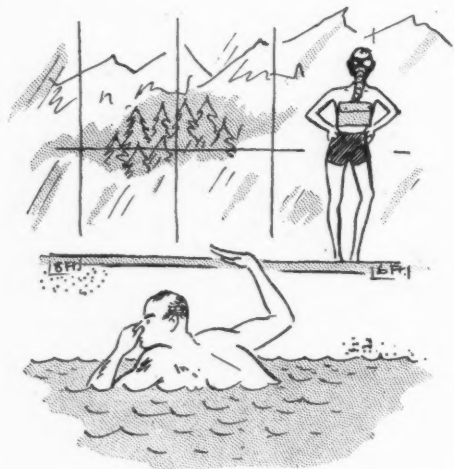
V—"Yoho" in the Rockies

(Mr. Punch's Special Correspondent is spending a few weeks in Canada.)

ACCORDING to Stefansson's theory the centre of civilization has always tended to migrate northward and westward. The palaces of Asia trembled and crumbled; the pomp of the Pharaohs perished with Nineveh and Tyre; Greece and Rome declined and fell; the glory of France faded; and then Britain's arteries hardened. Now let the line A B (Asia to Britain) be extended to cut the New World at the point C. Then C is Canada, Q.E.D. Yes, it is as simple as that. Everybody in Canada believes that the next great centre of civilization will lie somewhere between Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Vancouver, British Columbia. And why not? If great civilizations are based on natural wealth and abundant opportunity to develop and refine it then Canada is well in the running. Have another look at Canada one hundred years from now.

Geometricians should observe, however, that Canada is moving away from Europe physically and geographically at the rate of a few yards a year. The North Atlantic is getting wider. "This is excellent," wrote Stephen Leacock, "except that it brings us nearer to Japan," and except that it takes the line A B progressively nearer to the North Pole. Already, you see, the centre of interest in Canada is shifting towards the frozen wastes around the Great Bear Lake where men once scratched for radium and now bulldoze for uranium. If Canada is to achieve her goal before the continent has floated out of Europe's ken she must work quickly.

If the Stefansson theory is correct the world's capital should some day nestle in the Canadian Rockies. With all this in mind I have been doing a bit of prospecting and I am happy to announce that I have found the very spot. Banff has no rival for the honour.



The "Sulphur Crawl," Banff Springs.

Banff has everything a world capital needs. Here Nature in all her Grandeur would imbue each nation's delegates with a saving sense of humility (remember how Geneva used to imbue them with a saving sense of humility?) and encourage them to go fishing instead of making troublesome speeches. Moreover, Banff would keep these statesmen factory-fresh in conditions of optimum temperature

and humidity. As I see it we are asking for trouble when we remove the world's politicians from their native habitat, throw them together under an alien climate (Lake Success or Flushing Meadows) and expect them to behave normally and rationally. It can't be done. When Mr. Vyshinsky denounces the Western Plutocracies he is really complaining, I believe, about the fact that his vest is sticking to his back. When Mr. Bevin wades in with a violent tirade against the Red Peril you can put a lot of it down to chilblains. In our zoos we take good care to keep the animals reasonably happy by providing them with facsimile reproductions of their natural haunts. We put the penguins in an imitation Antarctica, air-conditioned and refrigerated; we put the buffalo into an artificial savannah, and so on. And as an additional precaution we keep them all in separate cages. We do all this for wild animals, and nothing whatever for the men who are supposed to be uniting nations. Madness!

Now at Banff there would be no need to spend a lot of money on cages and air-conditioning. The delegates could live and work at any elevation from 4,000 to 12,000 feet, stimulated by perpetual snows or by tropical waters. They could dictate their messages of peace and goodwill either from the roof of Mount Rundle and the Columbia icefield or from the placid waters (112 degrees) of Sulphur Mountain. There would be no chilblains, no adhesive vests. And you'd soon see the difference in international relations.

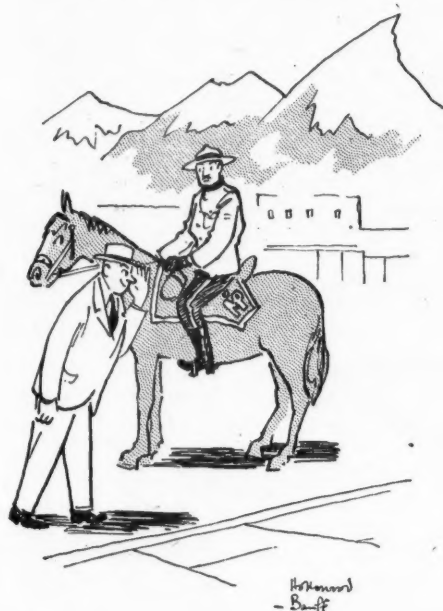
Let me press Banff's claims with a wealth of detail. First, these hot sulphurous springs which were the primary reason for the founding of Canada's original National Park. For a mere thirty cents (one and sixpence) a Civil Servant hands you a towel and a neat apology for the odour of bad eggs. You plunge into the government-controlled and government-operated swimming-pool through a miasma of steam and allow your poor travel-worn body to soak up the medicinal salts. There is only one thing—apart from the odour of chemi-lab—to mar your intense satisfaction, and that is the thought of the ice-cold shower with which all he-men conclude their ablutions. But even that is taken care of. The Civil Servant shakes his head sorrowfully and tells you that the showers are out of order. And you curse softly as your spirits rise in a new-found admiration for the wiles of bureaucracy.

Secondly, the flora and fauna. Banff does its best for the genuine dude. Its streets, all of them, are named after the animals of the Rockies—elk, deer, moose, bighorn sheep, Rocky Mountain goat, whistling marmot, porcupine, beaver, otter, and the rest—just to familiarize the visitor with the nomenclature. And the spelling of the street-signs is catholic and varied enough to avoid embarrassment. If the traveller prefers to meet the animals face to face he has only to step into the hotel where the walls are festooned with stuffed heads displaying every stage of ferocity. Moose and elk are usually encountered in the lounge, wolves in the vestibule. The really intrepid hunter can often find a grizzly or two in the Beverage Room.

No visitor to the Rockies need worry too much about his botany and zoology. Everything is a "Mountain" or an "Alpine" something or other. The thing with the faint leer and two anti-clockwise horns is obviously a mountain or alpine goat or goat-type. The trees are "Rocky Mountain" pine, fir, spruce, aspen, cottonwood or maple according to whether their branches slope up or down and according to their distance from the viewer. It

is just the same with the birds. Call them "Mountain" bluetail, whitebird, redbill and you can't go wrong.

Now suppose you want to see *living* animals, if only to check up on the hotel's taxidermy. Could anything be simpler than eighteen holes on the Banff Springs golf-course, which is 4,500 feet above sea-level, or 94 feet higher than



the highest point in Britain? You drive from the first tee across the Bow River into a herd of deer, grazing steadily on peanuts and chocolate bars. Sacrificing only one stroke, you throw the ball over your shoulder on to the fairway and take a number seven iron to shoo away a gang of gophers. There are brown bears and beaver at the long "Windy" hole and fish of all kinds at the "Cauldron."

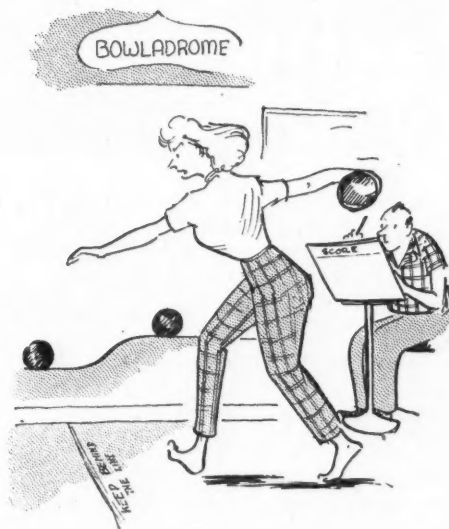
Golfers in Vancouver, Toronto and Scotland (and Mr. Punch's other correspondent lately in Japan, for that matter) can say what they like, but this must be just about the most beautiful course in the world. Snowy-flanked mountains and thick forest keep the play within bounds. At the "Hoodoo" hole a sliced drive ricochets off Mount Rundle, above the tree line, and sidles up through the pines to the next green but one. This tends to reduce a handicap quite appreciably. But when everything nice has been said about the Banff links there remains the one ugly fact that there is no nineteenth hole. For eighteen holes you marvel at the fresh springs of mountain water at every tee and green, and naturally you pass them by. Then, salivating profusely, you make the steep climb to the clubhouse and discover that the Canadian liquor laws have beaten you to it.

I will resist the temptation to chatter on about the beauties of the Banffshire Rockies, Lake Louise, Emerald Lake, Columbia Icefield and the Valley of the Peaks—except to say that they are more highly technicolored than the Fitzpatrick Travel Films. But a few more salutes to Banff itself: to the two thousand five hundred permanent residents who take such pains to dress like Big Bill Campbell's troupe of Rocky Mountaineers, even though they cannot quite get his Wigan accent; to the Indians for looking and talking exactly like the Red Indians of fiction; to the drug-stores for their soothing hill-billy rhythm; and

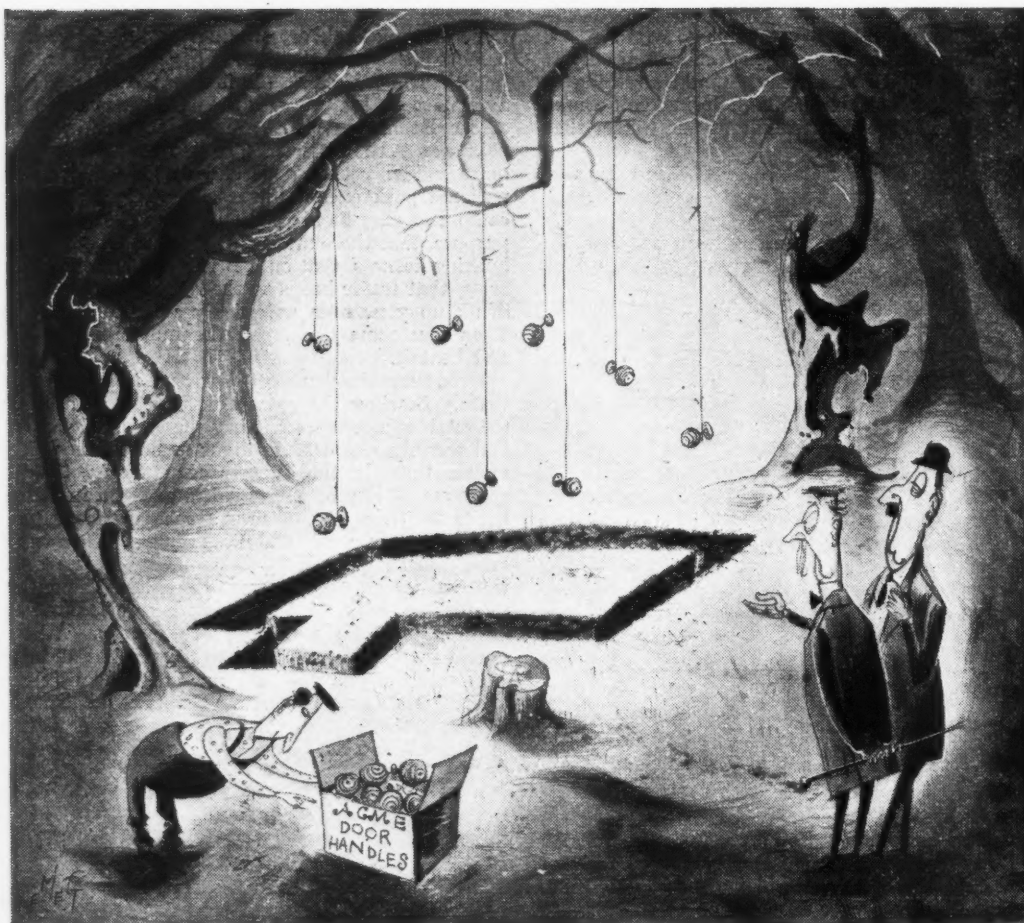
of course to the Mounties. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police in their khaki or vermilion jackets and yellow-striped breeches (they cast their khaki in the spring) are a thrilling but disturbing sight to the innocent tripper who has only a vague acquaintance with the numerous laws and by-laws of the Rockies. When a Mounty eases himself into the next seat at the coffee shop or "Dinateria" you remember quite suddenly that dogs and cats are barred from the national park except under a special dispensation, that camp-fires may be kindled only at places provided for the purpose, that there are such things as fishing, boating and hunting licences, that only British subjects may carry firearms, that traffic keeps to the right of the road . . . You drink up your soda as quickly as possible and get out. Then you come back, pay the bill, apologize nervously and beat it.

Even when the clouds roll down upon Banff there is plenty to do. Bowling, for instance. Bowling is one of Canada's national indoor sports, very popular, highly technical and terribly serious. As night or mist falls the populace moves towards the subterranean Mecca to display a gorgeous variety of sports shirts and tartan slacks. The ladies are there too, often in stockinged feet. Everybody chews gum vigorously and drinks coke. When two English innocents challenged the best of Canada the match was watched by an eager crowd. The Englishmen disgraced themselves with that simulated carelessness and disinterestedness for which we are famous. After all, we taught the whole world how to play games, didn't we?

From all of this it should now be abundantly clear that my original thesis is sound. Banff would make an ideal



gathering-ground for the world's statesmen. I can see it all so clearly . . . They can be observed from the highway, these delegates, in their mountain sanctuary—legislating peacefully, almost indifferent to the sightseer, to the innocuous click of the camera. Remember that the destruction of wild life is illegal here. The visitor feeds them peanuts and chocolate bars, and everything in the garden is beautiful, or as the Indians say, "yoho." **HOD.**



"That's the best idea of it I can give you, with the material that's come to hand so far."

Wedding Breakfast

IN every part of the room, Matilda, there are ladies who have come to wish you well. They certainly do you credit; they are very elegant, they are wearing the strangest hats and have clean gloves. It is easy to see your friends are rich; their dresses cost seventy-five pounds, their scent was smuggled from Paris, their diamonds glitter discreetly beneath their powdered throats.

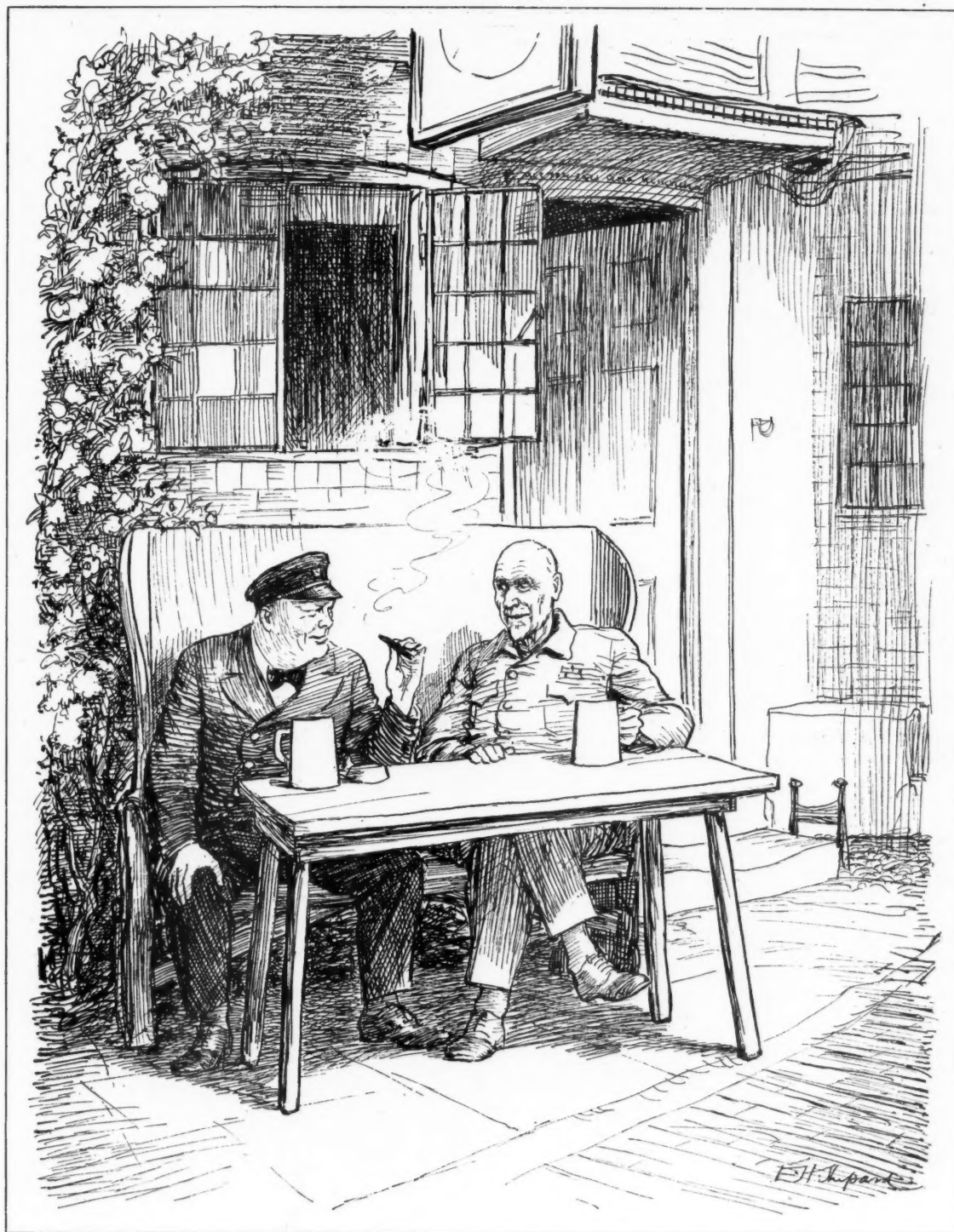
But it may interest you to know, Matilda, although of course you have no time for such things just now,

that one out of every three of these ladies has managed (with the aid of a chiffon handkerchief and a slight knowledge of legerdemain learned in the schoolroom) to transfer food from the buffet table into her handbag.

Lady Coppins has, at this moment, in her pocket four chocolate biscuits which she has pinched for her son; Corisande Broome has got hold of a little boat filled with wet strawberries, and Lady de Witt a meringue. These now are reposing slightly tip-tilted, alas, but edible still, next to the powder puffs and the Treasury notes: loot to be carried back to the starving beloveds, treasure for those who eat cakes made of sand at home, creamily mixed with engagement books and gold pencils, oozily leaning on letters and pots of rouge.

Dearest Matilda, we drink with delight to your future, raising our glasses high in eternal salute, and our glasses shall never be lowered until you are gone lest the macaroons fall from the sleeves of our coats to the floor.

V. G.



AT THE SIGN OF THE DROPPED PILOT

"What about ordering a pint for Uncle Joe—just in case?"

MONDAY, May 31st.

Everybody crowded into the Commons' Chamber this afternoon to hear a statement from Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Foreign Secretary, about the vexed situation in Palestine. Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the House's stage-manager, had promised a personal appearance by Mr. BEVIN, but the numerous questions addressed to the Foreign Office were left in the capable hands of Mr. CHRIS MAYHEW, his Under-Secretary. Then, at the end of Questions, Mr. BEVIN walked in—but took a seat at the end of the Treasury Bench.

When Mr. ANTHONY EDEN asked for the expected statement, Mr. ATTLEE replied that it was thought better not to make one just now, as the Security Council was engaged in an attempt to bring about a truce between the Jews and Arabs fighting in Palestine. Everybody agreed with this, except Mr. WILLIE GALLACHER, who took his half of the Communist Party smartly into action (the other half, Mr. PHIL PIRATIN, sitting watchfully by) with a demand for an assurance that nothing would be done to prejudice the new State of Israel. Mr. ATTLEE, however, would not be drawn, and said he still preferred not to say anything.

Then both he and Mr. BEVIN went out.

The business of the day was a debate on Scottish civil aviation. The aviation may have been civil, but the debate occasionally left something to be desired in that direction. Mr. GEORGE LINDGREN, the Under-Secretary at the Ministry of Civil Aviation, mentioned that he had learned that if one had a bad case the best thing to do was to abuse one's opponents. He then proceeded to show himself an apt pupil.

There was a great to-do about the fact that civil flying over Scotland cost a lot more bawbees now that it was State-owned, but Mr. LINDGREN contended that (as in the case of coal, electricity and railway-fares) this was—as the film people put it—purely coincidental. The critics seemed to suggest that the prices were stratospheric, but the Minister contended that they, like the management of the State-owned services, were down-to-earth, or bed-rock, whichever is the lower.

Mrs. FLORENCE PATON, Labour Member for Rushcliffe, added a spot more history to this history-making Parliament by being the first woman to preside over the full House sitting as a Committee. She did it modestly and

Impressions of Parliament

Monday, May 31st.—House of Commons: Civil Aviation in Scotland.

Tuesday, June 1st.—House of Lords: Hanging is Debated. House of Commons: Tough Words on Tobacco.

Wednesday, June 2nd.—House of Lords: Hanging—Vote. House of Commons: More About Finance.

Thursday, June 3rd.—House of Commons: Echo from the Lords.

competently, with just the right combination of firmness and gentleness, and she amply justified (in the view of some shrewd judges of chairmanship) her inclusion in the Speaker's Panel of Chairmen. For the record: everyone behaved with complete decorum and obeyed all the many rules while Mrs. PATON was in the Chair. Also for the record, Mrs. PATON did not sit in the Speaker's Chair (as some of the more romantically-inclined newspapers had it) mainly—presumably—because, the House being in Committee, that Chair was not in use.



Impressions of Parliamentarians

46. Mrs. F. Paton (Rushcliffe)

TUESDAY, June 1st.—Interest centred in the House of Lords to-day, where a debate on the proposed suspension of the death penalty for murder was being held.

Their Lordships (and their Ladyships) crowded into the small Chamber, and every inch of the floor, the steps of the Throne, even the gangways, were crammed. The Bishops were there in force, and so were the Law Lords.

When the House met, the din of machine-guns from outside gave a warlike atmosphere—but the Lord Chancellor sent a polite request to workmen in Victoria Gardens to suspend, for the time being, their use of pneumatic

drills, and all was well. As soon as quiet reigned once more, Lord LLEWELLIN rose to move the deletion of the death-sentence suspension plan from the Bill.

He recalled that the suspension had been passed by the House of Commons by a majority of only twenty-three votes, and that tests of public opinion made since had shown clearly that it was opposed to the suspension.

Lord SAMUEL's proposal, as a former Home Secretary, was that the death penalty should be retained, but that it should, as a matter of practice, be enforced only in the worst cases, such as political assassinations, the throwing of bombs on a public occasion, the murder of police and members of the public engaged in arresting an armed criminal, the murder of prison officers, and all murders of a premeditated and calculated character.

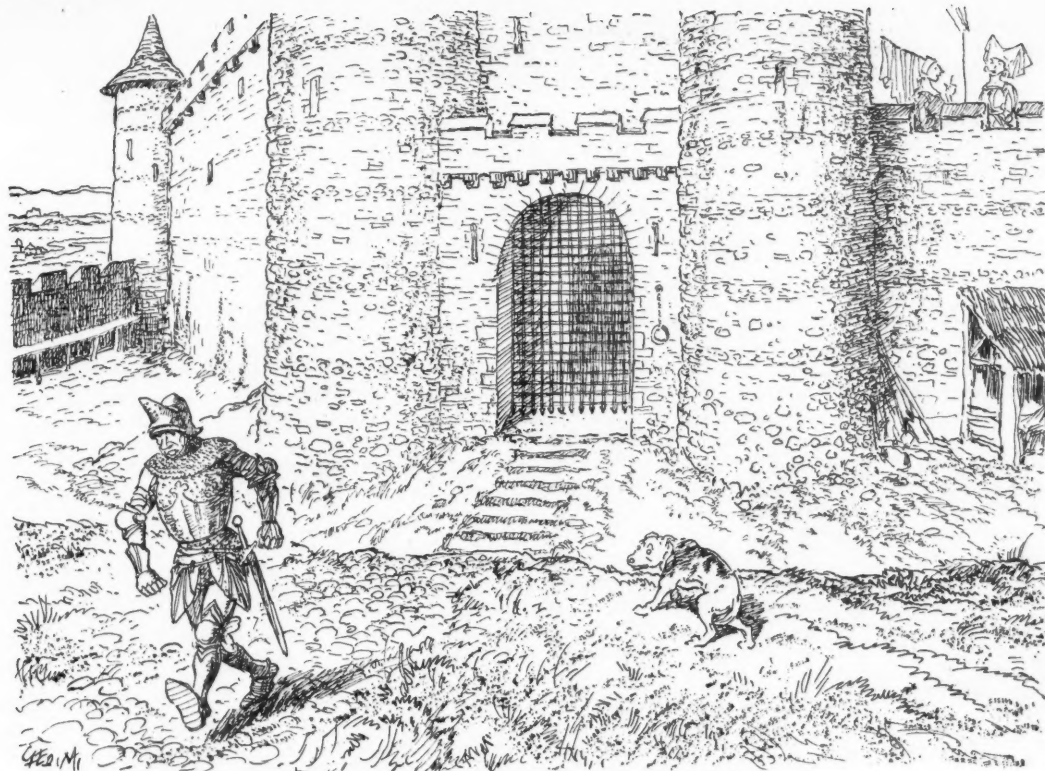
Lord TEMPLEWOOD, another former Home Secretary, took precisely the opposite view, arguing that executions should cease for ever. He was not greatly helped by his ally, Lord PETHICK-LAWRENCE, who gave their Lordships a "rough House," saying their decision to restore hanging would be based on "preconceived prejudices and ignorant opinion." It would also show the House to be, once again, a House that did not change, and the home of lost causes.

So the debate went on, with the heavy majority of the speakers favouring the restoration of the capital penalty. Then the debate was adjourned until to-morrow.

The Commons were getting nearly as passionate about the tobacco tax—they were discussing the Finance Bill. Somebody said the tax was "monstrous," but it was gently pointed out for the Government that, by smoking one cigarette fewer in every twenty-one, a smoker could save the increase in the tax and make the Chancellor a happy man, all in one operation. The Conservatives took a poor view of this. However much they wanted to do the first, they clearly did not want to do the second. This debate, too, was adjourned.

WEDNESDAY, June 2nd.—The House of Peers, which had seemed crowded yesterday, to-day presented a scene reminiscent of Epsom Downs on Derby Day. For the debate on the death penalty was due to reach its climax in a vote.

Lord SIMON, speaking with all the authority of a former Home Secretary



"He must be terribly upset about something. Did you notice how he slammed the portcullis behind him?"

and Lord Chancellor, startled the House by expressing concern lest outraged public opinion, faced with the fact that the capital sentence was no longer to be enforced for brutal murders, might turn to lynch-law.

Lord GODDARD, the Lord Chief Justice, was also strongly against the suspension of the death penalty, which he felt to be the only possible fate for "human monsters," such as some criminals who had appeared before him and his brother judges. He was disturbed, too, about the Constitutional propriety of the Home Secretary's declared intention to advise reprieves in all murder cases—in advance of the passing of the Bill into law. This seemed to him to introduce the principle that, if the Commons decided a thing, it at once became law, whatever the Upper House said or did.

Lord SALISBURY briefly wound up for the Conservatives. His view was that it would be wrong to make an "experiment" by suspending the death penalty if that meant risk to innocent lives. It would be wrong, and even mad, to try the experiment now, when crime was so rife—and it was not democracy for a Government to go

flatly against public opinion. He would like to see capital punishment ended—but at a carefully-considered and safe time in the country's history.

Lord CHORLEY, who responded to the debate from the Government Front Bench, made it clear that (as there was to be a free vote) he was not speaking for the Government. His chief claim to speak was as President of the National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty, and he proceeded to perform his Presidential duties. He did quite well until he mentioned his view that, in seeking to retain the penalty, the House was "being asked to pass panic legislation." This interpretation of the debate almost stopped the show, and Lord CHORLEY then said that it was "fear" that was causing their Lordships to hesitate about abolishing the capital penalty. He did not explain what he meant.

There was then a long interval of suspense while the voting machinery of the House was severely strained by a record number of Peers passing through the tiny division lobbies of the temporary Chamber. In the end, Lord LLEWELLIN, without surprise, handed

to the Lord Chairman a slip of paper bearing the information that the "Contents"—those who supported the abolition of the death penalty—numbered twenty-eight, while the "Not Contents" totalled one hundred and eighty-one. So, as the Lord Chairman said, the "Not Contents" had it.

The Commons were still considering the Finance Bill, having first listened to a brief statement by Mr. BEVIN on the situation in Palestine.

THURSDAY, June 3rd.—Mr. EDEN asked, in the Commons, for a Government statement on the L.C.J.'s doubts about the Home Secretary's wholesale reprieve decision. But Mr. MORRISON's line was that this request showed that the Opposition had been "slow in the uptake," as the decision had been announced several weeks ago and no protest was made then.

Mr. EDEN protested that this was irrelevant, the point being whether the Constitution had been violated by the Government, and not whether the Opposition had been unobservant. However, Mr. MORRISON said the whole thing could wait, and there, for the moment, it was left.



"Well, and what can I do for you good people?"

The Cosmic Mess

THIS column has never owned a race-horse, but it has often imagined the pleasures of such a property. There must, it fancies, be a charming intimacy about the relations between racing "bloodstock" and Owner. Sometimes, in youth at least, the animal may be on the Owner's own premises—or, at least, his land. This column once stayed a week-end with a peer, it is proud to say, who, after lunch, used to take his guests to see his colts and fillies enjoying their quiet Sunday afternoon in the meadows. He would indicate modestly which was destined to win the Derby or the Oaks, relate some details of their ancestry and whims, draw attention to fine points of physique, and give some of them a piece of sugar. All this was moving. The parting must be severe when the growing creature goes off to school at some big training-stable. Even then, presumably, the sad Owner is allowed a half-term visit or two. The trainer meets him at the stable-door and tells him how the arrival is

"keeping" and behaving. Perhaps it has done a secret gallop in promising time: perhaps it has killed a groom. The Owner knowingly pats its neck, or cautiously strokes its nose. During term, one expects, he is not permitted to give it sugar. They decide whether to scratch it from the Grand National or enter it for the Cesarewitch in 1953. This must be exciting. There may be a jockey about who says that he never had such confidence in a four-footed creature before. If the Owner is very important they may have to decide whether Gordon Richards shall ride *Lobelia* or *Pease Blossom*. Then the Owner says he thinks he will buy another colt or two; and the trainer recommends the son of *Blue Nose* and *Artaxerxes*, whose progeny are likely to stay, though they may have a tendency to laziness and neurasthenia. The Owner strokes the nose more confidently and goes home well pleased with himself.

And what a thrill it must be when *Lobelia*, the little filly who used to

enjoy her sugar so much, runs in her first Big Race! And before, how satisfying to be one of the men who know: to sit at lunch at the club and have members sidling up to angle for a tip! "How do you fancy your chances, old chap?" The Owner, of course, never bets himself: he is above all that, being quite content to win 8,559 sovs. with £3,240 added money, and a gold cup. So he does not mind telling, confidentially, what he knows. After all, he was face to face with *Lobelia* only yesterday, and he can testify that she has a nice cool nose and a shiny coat and may be trusted to give of her best. Hence the phrase, no doubt, about having it "from the horse's mouth". The other member goes off gratefully and repeats the information, confidentially, to everyone he knows. Several shrewd men put a cool thou. on *Lobelia* and she plunges in the betting. All this must make a chap feel pretty important. And when he leads the winning *Lobelia* through the cheering crowd to the weighing

machine, he may be pardoned for thinking that it is much better than being Prime Minister, with Palestine and Mr. Dalton on your hands.

This column has never owned a greyhound either: but through no fault of her own its wife has become the nominal owner of three. The first is called *Gambler's Despair*. He arrived with that name, and he is the only living greyhound who has been mentioned by name in the House of Commons. When he dies, it is proposed that he shall be stuffed on that account and exhibited somewhere, in order to stir ambition in all young greyhounds. He is well-named too. He has won a few times, been second many times, and been not very far from last very many times. When one thinks that he is past his prime and does not back him he flashes out and wins. And when one thinks "Ah, back in form again", and supports him at the polls he canters endearingly home at the wrong end of the procession. *Independent Member* is well-named also: for he "runs wide" and his actions are quite unpredictable. He is handsome but disappointing. However, both of them were second last Saturday—unsupported by the Owner or her spouse, which will give you some idea how difficult life is.

At first thought, the relations between Race-Dog and Owner should be more intimate and tender than those between Owner and Race-Horse. It is not so. This column was deeply disappointed when it heard that *Gambler's Despair* was not going to live in the home. It had looked forward to taking the graceful creature for walks, teaching it some simple tricks, and carrying it in a taxi to the White City in good time for the 7.30. But greyhounds have to be protected from evil men who would put bad things in their food or give them double brandies. So in fact they lead a remote and monastic life. They arrive, yelping, in large closed vans, and after the races they are taken away, still yelping and invisible, to the country. Often this column stands sadly outside the van trying, in vain, to distinguish the yelp of *Gambler's Despair* or *Independent Member* and comfort them. (With so much yelping, by the way, it is surprising that greyhounds do not suffer from sore throat. Perhaps they do.)

This column and its wife did once visit *Gambler's Despair* in the Paddock, before his first race: but even that was disappointing. The Horse-owner, presumably, can whisper last words of advice or encouragement to the jockey. Perhaps he can give *Lobelia* a last

lump of sugar. It is no use whispering anything to *Gambler's Despair*: and gifts of sugar are out of the question. Besides, he looked so nervous and miserable that the Owner nearly cried. He was not even keen on having his head patted, while the other great brown dogs were marching round serene and confident. "First-night nerves", said this column: and indeed he won.

We have never met *Independent Member*, and, if you never meet your dog, you feel that the least you can do is to put money on him. If he wins, and you failed to back the loyal animal, you feel that he will feel it. It is easy to see where that sort of thing will lead you. For, as you can see from the records on the race-card, so many things can happen to the best greyhounds, having no jockeys on their backs, poor little things. They can "miss their break" or "run wide", they can "check" (Chkd) or "slow" or "fade" or "stumble" (stbld): they can be "bumped" (bpd) or "balked" (blkd), or even knocked over. *Gambler's Despair* is nearly always "bpd 1 bd" (bumped first bend). Sometimes he is "Bdly bpd". Look at the sad story of *Sweet Chariot*, who, in three consecutive races, was:

Blkd 3 and 5 bds.

Blkd 5 bd.

Bpd 1 bd.

A man who goes on blng the same dg is akng for tle.

All the neighbours think that the Owner is in constant touch with his dog, and knows its plans. The milkman at the door says "How about tonight?": the ticket-collector wants a word from the dog's mouth. This is a heavy responsibility.

So, now that the basic has come, a half-term visit must be paid to *Independent Member* in his country lair—and to *Knight's Romance*, the last addition to this column's wife's "string". *Knight's Romance*, they say, is the most promising young bitch at the White City. She is only eighteen months old. She has run three races only and won them all. In spite of her youth and inexperience, she has, so far, managed never to be "bpd" or "blkd". Her trainer says that she "understands racing". She looks very nice from the stands and they say she has a sweet and friendly nature. If she fulfils her early promise this column will get some peer to mention her in the House of Lords.

It was very exciting to see the little creature win her third race on a rainy night, from a bad "trap", against older and more experienced animals—and at 10 to 1. How much

more thrilling it must have been to be the owner (Mr. W. P. O'Kane) of *Priceless Border*, "one of the fastest dogs that ever raced", who won one of the Derby heats (525 yards) in 29.15 seconds on a wet night and muddy track—what is that? about 37 m.p.h.? The greyhound is commonly regarded as a mere agent for the redistribution of wealth. But so fine and beautiful a beast brings poetry to the scene; and even bookies cry.

This column hopes that you are all interested in the little differences between horse-owning and dog-owning. If not, it is too late to do anything about it now. A. P. H.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson Considers How to Use His Basic Petrol

XXXXX

SO by the idle wheel I sat,
And inly weighed my measur'd bliss;
And now the beam inclin'd to this,
Or, otherwise, inclin'd to that.

Should ninety miles of sweet July
Succeed the ninety miles of June,
And I, from moon to waxing moon,
Eke out my scant and lean supply?

And, while the fleeting seasons change,
Remain within my destin'd groove,
Nor once in grander circles move
With wider bounds and freer range?

Or should I spend, beyond recall,
The tokens of that precious fire,
And in one blaze of fierce desire,
Unheedful, burn my little all?

Suspended thus betwixt the twain
I falter'd, pois'd in equal mind,
Yet certain either way to find
That gain was loss, and loss was gain.

So, weighing one or other bliss,
Beside the idle wheel I sat;
And now the beam inclin'd to that,
Or, otherwise, inclin'd to this.

Opportunity for Wags

"The new rates for women and girls affect only skirts with tails."—*East Anglian paper*.

"If more people take more interest in more of the events and activities that are happening around them, then we will be taking a long step forward to killing this apathetic outlook," the writer comments.
"Daily Record," Glasgow.

What an ingenious idea!

THE first visit to Oxford of Princess Elizabeth was a fitting occasion for the revival of that charming form, the masque, with which royalty had not been entertained by the University since 1636. Catching the spirit of *The Masque of Hope*, specially written for performance by the O.U.D.S., the rain held off, and the Radcliffe Quadrangle of University College made a delightful setting for a version boldly and amusingly up-to-date. The Princess sat in a pavilion facing the central block, on the left of which was the Garden of *Hope*, neat enough to win prizes in a village show, while on the right were the grisly, rock-bound haunts of *Fear*, presided over by a large stuffed eagle with murder in its glass eye. The future of England was very properly the theme. Were we to win through, by work and cheerfulness, or were alarm and despondency to swamp us utterly?

Hope stated her case bravely, addressing the Princess in person, and introduced her loyal helpers *Joy*, *Labour* (a lusty fellow with an honest burr to his tongue), *Liberty* and *Health*; and then *Fear*, a Mephistophelian creature armed with the best lines, did his utmost to depress us with the assistance of *Gloom* (a near relation to the bilious widow in the Death On The Road poster), *Want*, *Tyranny* (a bowler-hatted Whitehall vampire out of Strube's stable, stoutly girl with red tape), and *Pestilence*. After that *Knowledge*, an upright youth, had a sharp set-to with *Sabres* against *Rumour*, an awful insinuating brute, that ended all square at the turn; and the fight was continued with bare fists by two further champions, *Young Sterling*, wearing a gold top-hat with which he ultimately knocked out his opponent, *Black Market*, a spiv who attempted to unload a bagful of silk stockings and whisky on the audience and had evidently picked up his ringcraft from the Crazy Gang. *Venus* and *Neptune* followed in the divine trolley, and *Hymen*, *Clio* and *St. George* spoke up for them in rousing terms, *Clio* from a niche away above us that only an active member of the Oxford Mountaineering Club could possibly have reached with safety, the saint from the back of

At the Play

The Masque of Hope (OXFORD)—*Musical Chairs* (ARTS)
Corinth House (NEW LINDSEY)

an enormous white horse which eyed his clinking armour with polite wonder. The main surprise, and an extremely effective one, was the release of squadron after squadron of pigeons; wheeling smoothly over the Princess they filled the quadrangle with the exciting clatter of wings.

Whoever wrote this piece—and anonymity was the order of the day—drew skilfully on both the earlier and later styles to produce a blend in which

written for a long time. MACKENZIE knew a lot about human nature, and in addition had a sense of humour which never interfered with his sense of the dramatic. And dramatic, above all, his work was. The intrigues, absurdities and final tragedy of this eccentric English family sweltering in the wilds of Poland make as compelling a story as ever they did. Mr. PETER POTTER's production suggests the strength of the play without, however, quite sustaining it. As the cantankerous old rascal, the father, Mr. RICHARD BIRD is excellent, and Miss GABRIELLE BRUNE points beautifully the comedy of the tough American intruder. Mr. LAURENCE PAYNE, a young actor who is steadily improving, gives a performance as *Joe*, the nerve-racked son, which is intelligent but not sufficiently incisive, and as the dumb, adoring *Mary* Miss LUCILLE STEVEN is unable quite to fill out the full pathos of the part. But all in all it is a revival for which we can be grateful.

MISS PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON clearly knows all about your small private London hotel. The atmosphere of uneasy respectability is skilfully caught, in *Corinth House* at the New Lindsey, and though the opening act is too gossip and wandering the play afterwards improves considerably. A retired headmistress encounters an old pupil whom fifteen years before she had reluctantly expelled; and in bitter revenge the girl persecutes her with diabolical

subtlety. I feel that even so gentle a headmistress would have by habit reacted more forcefully, and that the girl as Miss PATRICIA LAFFAN plays her would long ago have forgotten her expulsion; at the same time the play describes rather cleverly the sense of overwhelming frustration which must come to any intensely upright person plunged into a spiral of disbelief. And not only the play, but Miss NORA NICHOLSON's sensitive portrait of the victim. Miss UNA VENNING makes a formidable proprietress and Miss VIOLET GOULD is outrageously funny as one of those static residents who defiantly subsist on a diet of pills.

ERIC.



[Musical Chairs

THE MAID TAKES NOTICE.

Anna MISS DANUTA KARELL
Wilhelm Schindler MR. RICHARD BIRD

topical satire easily took its place. It was gay, pointed, and brief, its pageantry never congealing, as so often happens, into the ponderous; and the O.U.D.S. team dealt with it confidently. Everyone concerned is to be congratulated on an experiment whose success should encourage other ventures in this pleasing vein.

The revival of *Musical Chairs* at the Arts confirms the view that in the death of RONALD MACKENZIE the theatre lost a playwright of more than ordinary promise. It still appears a good, tautly made play, with situations that hold us completely, and the first act is still one of the best of its kind

Waiter, There's a Fish in My Coffee.

IT is not without diffidence that I venture to direct the attention of my readers to the question which the above title more or less clearly foreshadows. Coffee is of course consumed in this country, but not to the same extent as in the United States, Canada, Switzerland or Paraguay. Furthermore, there is reason to suspect that a large proportion of English coffee-drinkers are, if not actually capitalists, at any rate considerably in arrears with their trade union subscriptions. Were all imports of coffee to be suspended, the output curves of many essential industries would hardly be affected at all. Tea of course is another matter; but no one puts fish in his tea, except perhaps as a joke, and then it would probably be someone else's tea. One has to ask oneself, therefore, whether the subject about to be laid before a discerning and generous-minded public is of sufficient importance to warrant the concomitant expenditure of time and newspaper.

Evading this issue for the time being, we find that the correlation (at first sight far-fetched) of the finny denizens of the deep with the beverage produced by infusing the stimulating Brazilian bean depends mainly on two literary allusions: one in a story by Rudyard Kipling about mechanical rocking-horses, and the other and more recent reference occurring in the columns of (not to put too fine a point on it) the *Daily Mail*. The two instances are separated in time by a period of about thirty-five years, during which (partly because of the intervention of the two world wars) the subject apparently lapsed. A certain amount of headway must nevertheless have been made during this interval; for whereas the poet of Empire merely noted that "the coffee, cleared with a piece of fish skin, was a revelation," the *Daily Mail's* correspondent describes the clearing process in detail. The fish skin, he says, should first be dried; the epidermis of the common cod is as suitable as any. It should not be boiled with the coffee, but only be briefly immersed therein. Finally, the reader is warmly recommended to have nothing to do with this outlandish process, which apparently can only be carried out successfully by persons of Scandinavian birth.

On the strength of a Norwegian great-uncle and an aversion to muddy coffee, the present writer had the temerity to make a practical trial of the method in question. The resultant

beverage was fully up to expectations as regards freedom from sediment, being of an almost disconcerting limpidity. A rather sinister stream of small bubbles which continued to collect on its surface was resolutely ignored, and the test of taste was then proceeded to. Cups of the fluid were offered to two independent observers, one of whom (who had been told nothing of the culinary details) pronounced it to be an unusually good cup of coffee. "Full-bodied" was the adjective he applied to it. The other, who had watched the process of clarification, declared the flavour to be that of a peculiarly concentrated extract of cod, with a faint but not unpleasant after-taste of coffee. The writer himself then drank approximately half a teaspoonful, which he found decidedly reminiscent of some liquid which he was unable to bring to

mind. No harmful results occurred, except that the observer who had pronounced favourably on the coffee, and who had drunk the whole cupful, subsequently reported a dream in which two men with faces like halibut were chasing him round a coffee plantation with the avowed intention of skinning him.

The reader is at liberty to draw his own conclusions from the above data. The view of the working-party (which is set down merely as an expression of opinion, and with no claim to finality) is that anyone who has accumulated enough dried fish-skins to clear a six-months' supply of coffee should sell them in the Copenhagen market, where they would (very likely) fetch sufficient Danish kroner to buy in Montreal enough Canadian dollars to purchase a very satisfactory British-made electric coffee-maker.





"One tablet in a friend's petrol-tank will change the contents from yellow to red in exactly fifteen seconds."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Harlem

Inside Black America (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 12/6) is an account, as lucid as the extreme complexity of the subject admits, of Negro life in the United States, and particularly in Harlem, the great Negro community, of which the author, Mr. ROY OTTLEY, is a native son. Harlem, says the author, "is at once the capital of clowns, cults and cabarets, and the cultural and intellectual hub of the Negro world." It is the fountain-head of mass movements, the source from which issues the Negro's growing demand for full and equal citizenship. The term Negro, Mr. OTTLEY explains, has come to include all kinds of coloured elements. Harlem has nearly a million inhabitants, but only two thousand are full-blooded black men. The largest section of Harlem's population has come from the West Indies, and is of mixed African, European and Carib Indian origin. Then there are the French-speaking immigrants from Guadeloupe, Martinique and French Guiana, and fifty thousand Spanish-speaking immigrants from the Latin-American countries, who intermarry easily with Negroes. Finally, there are the Asiatics, Chinese, East Indians and a sprinkling of Japs. The white man's fear of the coloured man, the coloured man's growing revolt against the oppression engendered by this fear, is the theme of this very interesting book. Two world-wars fought in the name of democracy have brought the American Negro to a point where, as Mr. OTTLEY puts it, his rumblings for equality are beginning to swell into a mighty roar.

H. K.

The Hearth of the Soul

Middle Span (CONSTABLE, 8/6) describes the background of those formative years that brought GEORGE SANTAYANA his particular brand of philosophic mind; a background enriched for the reader because the author's "one all-embracing interest" is regarded "not as a science, only as a balance of mind and temper, in which all sciences and arts should compose as true a picture as possible of nature and human nature." A Harvard fellowship impelled the student to Berlin; England beguiled him from Germany; he started to save up for his retirement before he began to teach; and he obviously took as much pleasure in the foibles of his friends as in their ideologies. All this makes for a vivid, stimulating, somewhat cavalier handling of several interesting circles and settings. The chapter on the Earl Russell of the 'eighties is (in a purely casual sense) the most unscrupulous. (It can also be read for an illuminating portrait of Lionel Johnson.) With a New England Puritan mother and a father from St. Teresa's home town, Professor SANTAYANA's spiritual pedigree is as intriguing as his oscillations between Boston and Avila. "Man was not made to understand the world but to live in it" may be no more than Harvardese for "*coronemus rosas*," but it has pathos from a humanist "involuntarily uprooted" who "accepts the intellectual advantages of that position with its social and moral disqualifications."

H. P. E.

Ali Haider, Emir of Mecca

In *A Prince of Arabia* (GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN, 21/-) Mr. GEORGE STITT has told the story of Ali Haider, the late Emir of Mecca. Ali Haider, in whose family the Emirate had been from the time of Mohammed till the second half of the nineteenth century, was restored to the Emirate by the Turks in 1916 to replace Hussein who, supported by T. E. Lawrence, was leading the Arab revolt against Turkish rule. In 1919 Mr. STITT met Ali Haider for the first time and remained in close touch with him till his death in 1935. "Here, indeed, I felt, was a really good man," he writes. "... He was a man who sincerely and honestly tried to carry out the instructions in the Koran and to follow God's precepts. He had the bent of a saint." The photograph of Ali Haider opposite the title-page bears out this estimate. Taken in 1919, when he was in his early fifties, it shows him in his maturity, wise, kindly and though disillusioned not yet despairing. A later photograph, taken shortly before his death, when he was in exile in Syria, reveals his final hopelessness. Between Kemal Ataturk in the north and Ibn Sa'ud in the south there was no possibility of a united Arabia founded on the religion of Islam. The age of secular nationalism had begun, and he had no place in it. But doubtless he would have been equally out of place when power wore a religious disguise, for action was not his sphere.

H. K.

Poet's Testament

One doubts the wisdom of reproducing some of the juvenilia that share Mr. MICHAEL MEYER's supplement to "The Collected Poems of Sidney Keyes" with the work of his last two years. Neither of the plays—*Minos of Crete* (ROUTLEDGE, 10/6) and "*Hosea*"—can be taken very seriously. One push further in its Shavian direction and *Minos*, which presents the domestic background (so to speak) of the Minotaur, might have capitalized the bombastic element that undoes it. As for "*Hosea*," how much more to the manner born did the earliest American imitators get their jazz theology over! Schoolboy experiments hold

little clue to the sensitive, incisive critic who, a year before his death in Tunisia, portrayed the standing of "The Artist in Society" for a world that artists now found impossible and for artists who had no idea what sort of a world they wanted. There are short stories here; some subtle impressions of a child's Xanadu; four characteristic lyrics; and selections from letters and notebooks that enhance the outstanding value of the essay. These last exhibit the poet holding his own through the desperate frustrations of military service, when such solitary candle-flames (as he sees himself and his fellow-artists to be) have "given up hope of gaining anything but our own extinction from society and its expedients."

H. P. E.

The Tortured Spirit

MR. GRAHAM GREENE's new novel, *The Heart of the Matter* (HEINEMANN, 9/6), is about West Africa during the war, the West Africa in which everything steams and smells and corrupts, vultures flap ominously on tin roofs, and everyone is damp, suspicious and on edge. It is a portrait of an intensely honest man harried by the fates until he is driven into deceit, and finally into suicide. Scobie is the quiet, reliable person designed by nature to be the perfect second-in-command. He is a devout Roman Catholic, and the natives like and trust him as Deputy Commissioner of Police. When he is passed over for promotion his snobbish, neurotic wife insists on going away; in raising money for her fare he gets into the clutches of a Syrian merchant; lonely and unhappy, he falls in love with a young widow from a torpedoed ship; and by the time his wife comes back he is trapped at every point, and no less miserable at his treatment of God than he is at his treatment of her. Scobie's agony is described relentlessly but with deep understanding. One may well feel that his author has overcharged the atmosphere with brutality and unpleasantness, but the unquenchable good in Scobie has a kind of antiseptic quality which saves the book from complete despair. The character of the Syrian, an affectionate and pathetic scoundrel, is also very skilfully drawn. Mr. GREENE never fails to be dramatic. This is a powerful, depressing, clever novel which just falls short of being a winner.

E. O. D. K.

From the League to U.N.

No better guide could be taken along the tortuous and often blood-stained path leading *From the League to U.N.* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 15/-) than Dr. GILBERT MURRAY, who has trodden every mile of its undulating course in a spirit of dauntless optimism. For its whole lifetime Dr. MURRAY pursued selflessly the ideal embodied in the League of Nations and worked unceasingly to secure public recognition for the League's very real achievements. In these nine lectures and review articles delivered or written at various times between June 1935 and October 1946, Dr. MURRAY surveys with rare detachment not only the chequered life-story of the League of Nations but also the revolutionary changes that civilization has undergone in his lifetime. His reflections on the fundamental causes of these vast changes bear directly upon the present international situation both as a warning of what must be avoided if the liberal Western Christian civilization, of which Dr. MURRAY himself embodies the quintessence, is to survive and as a ringing call to action in its defence. "We can only conquer Bolshevism" (Dr. MURRAY wisely observes) "by making the mass of men happier than the Bolsheviks make them; we can only conquer Despotism by showing that free men live a nobler life than slaves." Either the world must become better or it will certainly become fatally worse.

I. F. D. M.

Critics Criticized

Herr MAX GRAF, in *Composer and Critic* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 16/-), takes up his pen with all the authority and erudition of one who, in addition to being an historian of music, was for forty-eight years music critic in the cradle of music—Vienna, and he has made one of the few large-scale attempts published in this country to deal with the history of musical criticism as an art in itself. But one wonders whether this whole business of the criticism of composers is not a gigantic and carefully fostered illusion, practised upon the more credulous sections of the public; and whether the critic who levels his shafts solely at a creative artist (as distinct from a writer of day-to-day commentaries on particular performances) is not tragically often an ill-informed charlatan whose opinions change with bewildering rapidity. The composer absorbs the political, social and aesthetic accumulations and trends of his time and creates a new art (or, possibly, as in the case of Bach, raises an existing art to a supreme peak), but the critic is generally too concerned with the evanescent fashions of his day to be able to present a clear view. He thinks to hold, as it were, a mirror up to Music, but succeeds merely in reflecting his own features. Herr GRAF, referring to a criticism of a Beethoven first performance, describes the critic as "standing guard over the realm of music like a policeman and shaking his bludgeon at the composer who wants to cross over the boundaries of Haydn's music." But he gives us the other side of the picture when he quotes highlights in Heine's and Schumann's critical writings, in which case we cannot but agree with his statement that they "belong among the masterpieces of musical criticism." One of Heine's remarks must have shocked even Paris in the 1830's when he wrote of Donizetti's fertility as not inferior to rabbits!

J. D.



"ANOTHER of those gift parcels from South Africa!"



"That's the best of these seaside places, nobody cares how you look."

La Fille de M. Camaret

IN our village on the Seine you grow so accustomed to the throaty chug of great cargo-ships that you hardly look up from your omelet except to say "Another Norwegian!" or "The skipper's shirts are drying nicely!" But it was a thrill to find a steamer tied up to the little quay outside M. Tarragon's hotel. She was a tug, glistening with fresh paint, her sturdy embonpoint coal-black, her long raking funnel pure scarlet and her stubby bridge elegant in brown wood. A smell of hot grease mingled pleasantly with the sharp tang of new varnish. *La Normandie* was written in golden letters on her bows.

A press of people stood expectantly on the small triangle of deck. Some were very old, and some very young. Among them was M. Tarragon, his white chef's hat replaced by a shabby beret. He beckoned to us to come aboard.

"It will give my comrade M. Camaret the greatest pleasure to have you with him on this auspicious voyage. Is she not exquisite?"

"She is a smasher," we said decidedly.

"That other Normandie," remarked M. Tarragon, dismissing eighty thousand tons with a gesture of his little finger, "was beside her nothing but a monster of vulgarity. It was necessary to walk two kilometres to wash your hands."

"Who are all these people?" I asked.

"Many are relations of our host, while the rest have joined us on our way from Rouen. But you must meet the Captain."

"*Enchantés*," we murmured.

"*Enchanté*," said a young giant, with a Croix de Guerre and masses of new gold braid.

"Is the voyage likely to be extensive?" I asked him.

"Quillebœuf. Perhaps Honfleur. To-day we do not go *au large* on account of the little ones."

"Where the devil is M. Camaret?" demanded M. Tarragon.

"He is no doubt in the engine-room," answered the Captain.

"Then for what are we waiting?"

The *Normandie* now blew proudly on her siren. Hands were shaken as feverishly across the widening gap of water as if we were on our way to found a new empire at the other end of the world. Soon we were carving a thick slice out of the broad bosom of the Seine.

"It is a matter for ridicule that the *patron* is not with us," grumbled M. Tarragon. And he dived below, to return shortly with the awful news that M. Camaret was not on board. Immediately the *Normandie* began swinging in a wide circle. On the quay we could see a small figure dancing angrily under too large a bowler hat.

"A Savoyard, and therefore a man of easy passions," warned our friend. "But the storm will pass. Have no fear."

At first the pressure of M. Camaret's indignation robbed him of speech. Then a smile of great sweetness lit up his hirsute face.

"I have many tugs," he told us, "but this bouncing girl is my first to

be born since the war. It is a moment of rare felicity."

"I am sure she will pull like a thousand of your splendid Percherons," I said lamely.

The Seine was slipping past us in two long frothy bands. A plume of black smoke poured from our funnel across the flat, poplared fields that looked like Lombardy. On the left rose a wall of high chalk cliff.

"In that cave above the trees," said M. Tarragon, lighting a pipe that soon vied with the funnel, "was the V.I site where General Stumpfader was fortunately killed at the initial launching. I am happy to recall the badness of the lunch I served him just before."

"There is the Anchor!" cried M. Camaret, pointing to a hamlet coming up, "where M. Bolbec will assuredly be awaiting us."

"*Mais non, mais non!*" protested the senior of the uncles. "Let us voyage a little farther before again slaking our thirst."

M. Camaret, I was glad to note, seemed not to have heard. A most hospitable deputation was in position. After our host and M. Bolbec had embraced we found ourselves at tables in a bright garden on the water's edge; and when the Calvados had been circulated there was a respectful silence. M. Tarragon rose to break it.

"There are tugmasters and tugmasters," he began—a statement with which nobody cared to disagree. "I drink to the finest of them all, to a noble vessel which cannot fail to redound to the honour of the Seine, to her courageous captain and to his splendid crew."

We drained our glasses, and M. Camaret responded.

"My heart," he said, "is too full." It was a perfect speech.

M. Bolbec followed in laudatory strain, and I was then horrified to see a slight uplifting of M. Tarragon's eyebrows. It was the kind of moment for which English education leaves one utterly unequipped.

"In the turgid waters in which we spin out our somewhat arid existence," I muttered, "tugs play little or no part. We are correspondingly overjoyed to be here to-day. May I say that in her grace, her character, her evident good sense this beautiful ship reminds me of nothing so much as your so charming ladies of Normandy?"

This was surprisingly well received. A small girl was dispatched to bring up reserves of Calvados, while the skipper and each of the uncles spoke his piece. At length M. Camaret got a trifle uncertainly to his feet.

"*En bateau!*" cried the captain, with authority.

"This," I said to M. Tarragon, who was taking the cork out of a bottle, "seems to me to have all the makings of a memorable party."

"A new ship," he replied with dignity, "must be adequately floated. It is a duty which none but barbarians would scamp."

ERIC.

This Side Up

"In suitable cases Germans are to be allowed to pay short visits to relatives or friends in this country, Mr. Chuter Ede, Home Secretary, announced in the House of Commons this afternoon."

"Eastern Evening News."

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Good Turn

IF it is wet this afternoon and you cannot do any gardening," said Edith as I set out for London one day last week, "you can get Sympson to come over and help you turn the sitting-room carpet."

"Ridiculous," I said, "there isn't any pattern on the other side."

"I don't mean turn it upside down," said Edith patiently, "I mean turn it round so that the bit that is now by the door will be by the window and the bit that is now by the fireplace will be under the piano. It is a good carpet and when we eventually go bankrupt it will fetch about eighty guineas if it is evenly worn all over."

When I arrived home about two o'clock I found that Edith had gone to the pictures, and as it was raining hard I rang up Sympson and asked him if he felt in the mood for a bit of carpet-turning. Always obliging, he said he would pop over in a jiffy and lend me a hand. It was quite a long jiffy, and I used it to good advantage by moving all the smaller bits of furniture off the carpet and stacking them in the passage. The carpet is nearly as big as the room and it is impossible to move it without moving or lifting all the furniture. By the time Sympson knocked on the front door there was nothing left in the room but the carpet, the piano, the large book-case, the china cabinet, and the two big arm-chairs.

It would be more correct to say that only one-and-a-half of the big

arm-chairs was still in the room, because one chair was wedged firmly in the doorway. When we arrived at the flat a year ago the furniture-movers seemed to have no difficulty in getting the arm-chairs through the doorway, but this one seemed to have grown considerably fatter since then. The harder I pushed the harder it became wedged. When I crawled underneath it, however, to open the door for Sympson it suddenly relented and hit me in the small of the back.

"I won't be a minute," I shouted.

"Anything wrong?" asked Sympson anxiously, peering through the letter-box.

"Nothing," I said, trying to get one of the legs of the chair out of my pocket. By pushing the chair back into the room I managed to extricate myself, and then I found that I could not open the front door because of all the furniture stacked in the passage. So I had to carry a lot of it back into the room to let Sympson in, and it soon became clear that in this I had made a tactical error. Sympson has talents of a certain kind, but as a carpet-turner I should rate him very low indeed. His feet are much too big and he is lacking in nimbleness.

As everybody knows, the only way to get the edge of a carpet from underneath a heavy china cabinet is to get somebody to lift one end of the china cabinet a couple of inches from the floor by levering it with a poker, while you jerk the carpet from underneath.

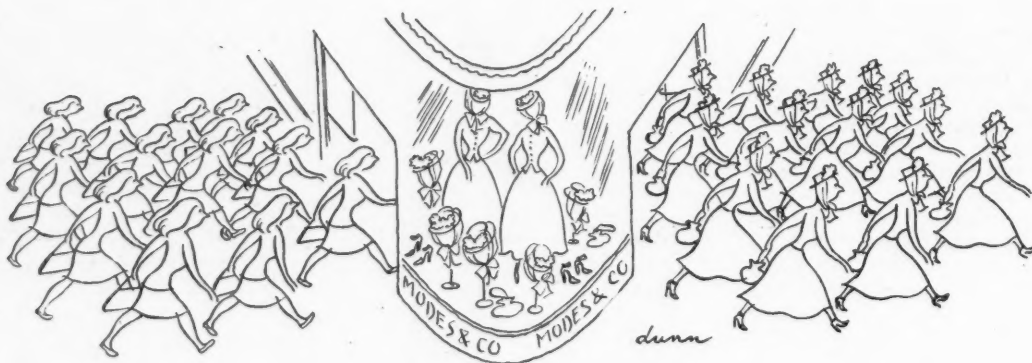
At the same time the person levering with the poker has to jump quickly from the carpet with both feet at the exact second that you pull the carpet from underneath him. It requires delicate synchronization. In the end I had to do the levering myself while Sympson did the jerking from underneath, and I was jumping up and down and levering for a good ten minutes before we got the china cabinet free, and then it dropped so suddenly that a whisky decanter that had been in the family for years was smashed beyond repair.

Not since we were sappers together in the Royal Engineers have Sympson and I toiled as we toiled that afternoon. It was slow work because of Sympson's clumsiness, but there were no further major accidents, except when the book-case tilted forward too far and Sympson was knocked almost unconscious by *Great Essays of All Nations* and I received the volume of a well-known humorous journal for 1852 on my left foot.

Our task was completed and the furniture back in its place when Edith arrived home from the cinema, and Sympson and I were reclining, limp and exhausted, in the two big arm-chairs.

"I hope you've had a good afternoon in the garden," she said. "You won't have to bother about turning the carpet, because the window-cleaners were here this morning and they did the job for half-a-crown."

D. H. B.



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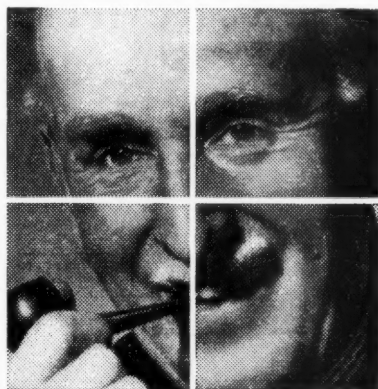
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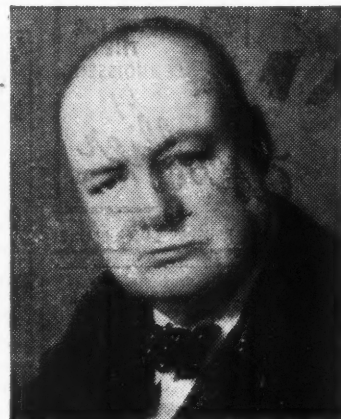
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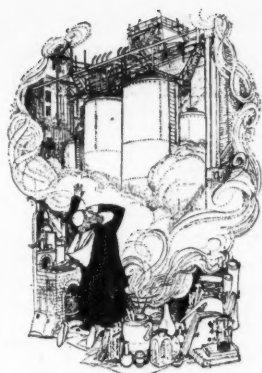
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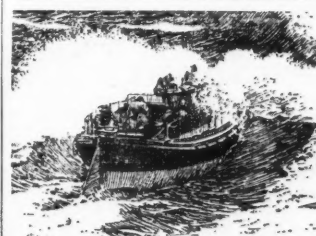
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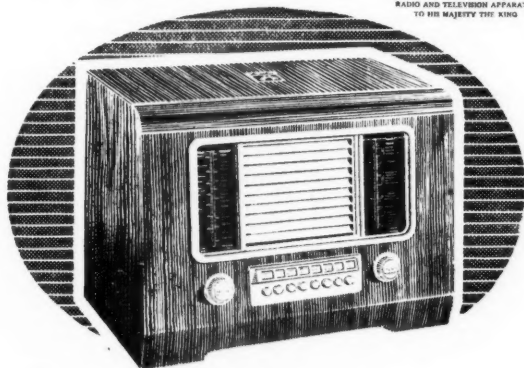
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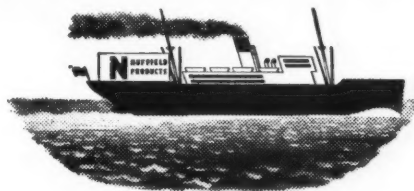
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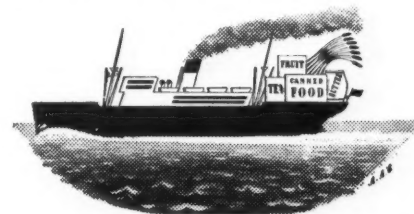


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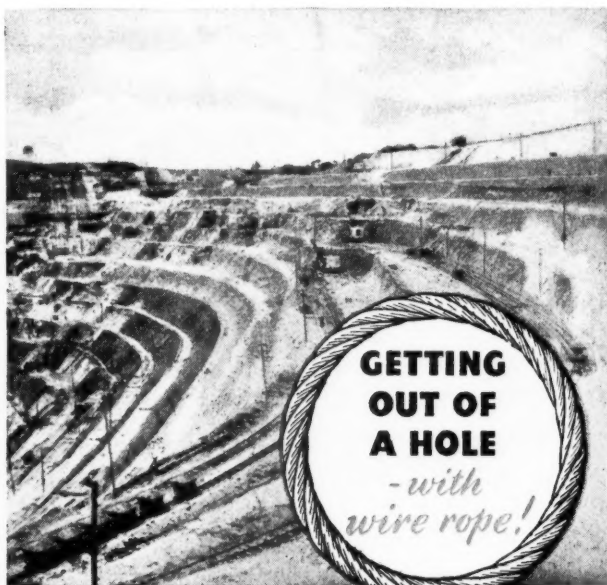
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Soundest sleepers—men or women?

Do men sleep more soundly than women? At least one authority says no. He says, too, that women sleep more quietly than men.

When it comes to getting up in the morning, men have less difficulty than women, according to a recent investigation. But we know that a good start to the day depends, not on your sex, but on the *quality* of your sleep. It is *deep* sleep rather than *long* sleep that you need if you are to wake up in the morning refreshed. A cup of Horlicks last thing induces this deep restorative sleep, the only kind of sleep that brings new confidence, new zest for life, to men and women alike.

HORLICKS

THIS TUBE SHOUTS

FIRE!

IN THE AIR

This is the actual size of the tube



An ingenious device making for still greater safety in aircraft consists of a very small diameter steel tube, 15 to 20 feet long, containing a gun-powder-impregnated thread which "explodes" at a predetermined temperature to operate a warning signal or to work automatic fire extinguishers. This equipment is supplied by the Gravier Manufacturing Company Ltd., who developed the idea in conjunction with the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough. Precision with utter reliability was called for, and the Wilkinson Sword Company Ltd. (who manufacture the device) called upon Accles & Pollock Ltd., to supply precisely the right steel tube.

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BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. To-day, when a leaf tobacco tax—flat, but how steep!—imposes the same duty on lesser cigarettes as on the greatest, what even more excellent value a Marcovitch offers!



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